

ROBERT AND ADELA:

OR,

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN

BEST MAINTAINED BY THE

SENTIMENTS OF NATURE.

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VOLUME III.

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R O B E R T  
AND  
ADELA DE MONTFORT.

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ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*.

YOUR reproaches, my friend, sink deep into my heart; to restrain even your most trifling amusement would give me pain. To step in betwixt you and the object of your affection grieves me still more. I am well assured, that you will always act with honor towards my sister; I have too good an opinion of her to think she would give ear to any sentiments but those dictated by the  
VOL. III. B strictest

strictest propriety ; therefore I shall lay no restrictions on your pen, whilst she allows of your correspondence. At the same time, I must inform you, that Adela is under a most solemn engagement to the Duchess never to accept your hand without her sanction. Under the present distressing circumstances, it is a subject of the deepest sorrow, that you were permitted to form so tender an attachment, as I perceive subsists between you, for Adela's heart is engaged, I can perceive, too far for her own peace. I know not how to act, when people so dear to me are concerned as you both are : fate must determine what is best to be done—I cannot. Consider, my friend, should you unite your fortune with my sister, she has no portion but her innocence. Your cousin has a large fortune and splendid prospects. May not you, too late, regret your rejection of these ? And, to have contributed  
towards

towards your degradation will, when she finds herself unequal to constitute to your happiness, render Adela wretched.

I am so perplexed myself that I know not what I am about, so many things conspire to torment me; and I find myself ill in health and worse in spirits. I expected to have much pleasure in the society of the Lady Spencers and Lady Sommerville; but upon a trial I find as much pain as pleasure in their company, and I begin to think, that you were right in the advice you gave me, on my first introduction to Lady Susan. You said, that she appeared to be a coquette.—I cannot say that she is so, nor can I say that she is not so: in short, I cannot rightly define her character which certainly is singular, and seems to develope itself more in the country than in the town; or I may have more

leisure to study it here than I had there. I wish I could say, that the attention I have given had been repaid by finding her more amiable than before—she has assumed a most masculine appearance, and acts in every respect as the master, not as the mistress of a family. I had the folly to declare to Lady Somerville a partiality for her sister, with which she had the goodness to appear pleased, and assured me, that she would talk with Lady Susan on the subject the first opportunity. This she took, and her Ladyship laughed at the idea of marriage, and bade her tell me, that if I did not wish her gates to be shut against my entrance I would not act so silly a character as that of a whining lover; that I was truly welcome to her friendship, but no more; that supreme command was her motto. Indeed, if she persists in her present system, domestic happiness must be banished. It was but  
the



the day before yesterday that we went to the next market town in order to make some trifling purchases. We were obliged to stay at an inn while the horses took some corn. Unfortunately, in the next room, were some justices, at what they call a county meeting. Hearing that we were in the house, one of the gentlemen, who lives near us, came to pay his respects, and introduce himself to Lady Susan. She immediately (notwithstanding every remonstrance from Sommerville) insisted on being introduced to the gentlemen of the county. I saw Mr. Jones stare, but she insisted that he should take her hand and lead her into the next room. He did so; and it would have shocked you to hear the roar that was set up when her Ladyship entered. She said, for we could distinctly hear every word, that she was come amongst them in order to introduce a female parliament. Upon which



6      ROBERT AND ADELA.

it was voted to drink success to the design, and she was seated in the chair of the president. Her health was drank amidst three successive shouts. I cannot describe to you the effect this conduct had upon the other two Ladies. After sitting and debating upon her favourite subject, the rights of woman, she gave the whole party of gentlemen, then present, an invitation to her house that day week, which they accepted. Lady Sommerville declared, that if her sister persisted in that line of conduct she should, with Lady Julia, remove from the house of her sister and return to the Lodge. Upon her return from the bench of justices, she said, that they had some sense, and she would not be restricted to the society of females, who never thought or spoke but of themselves, their dress and their children; that she came here to exercise  
free.

free authority over her own actions, and would not be dictated to.

What think you of this conduct—it has quite petrified me. When Lord Landsford hinted at these peculiarities in her Ladyship, I only looked upon them as lively fallies that amused her for the moment; not, as I now find them, settled principles. Adela has just received a letter from the Countess, wherein she informs her, that the Count has fallen a victim under the fatal axe of the guillotine—Good Heaven! the thought almost chills me with horror. What will become of that lovely and unfortunate young woman. I would fain persuade myself that she has been misinformed; yet, why should I doubt the cruelties of Frenchmen who have brought torture to a degree of refinement unknown to savages, and from which even savages would turn with

horror. Let me know if this dreadful news has been confirmed by any letters: I yet hope it may be premature. How will it shock the amiable disposition of Jacqueline, when she is informed that her husband lost his life through the treachery of her own father? This you know has been the report. What could instigate Mons. St. Prieux to so much malice I cannot conjecture—it seems incredible.

I begin to be out of humour with the whole world, nay, even with my own existence. Were it not for my sister I would willingly embrace the offer you made me of joining the forces with you, under the gallant Earl who now meditates a descent on Brittany. My heart revolts at leaving Adela alone and friendless in a country of strangers, at the same time that it pants for revenge on the monsters whose laws are written  
in

in blood. Neither must you at present think of this desperate enterprize—for desperate it is to emigrants, who are not like the troops with whom they mix, who if taken prisoners are treated as prisoners of war always are. They must either be victorious or die: there is no alternative. You formed this notion in a desponding moment, and have forgotten it in a happier one. That you may live unattended by sorrow, and unaffailed by misfortune of any kind, is the sincere wish of

DE MONTFORT.



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THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*

TO

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

I DO not delay for a moment to embrace the indulgence granted me by my friend—the supreme pleasure of addressing the sole mistress of my heart.

Many times since we parted have I accused myself of injustice, when I complained against the severity with which you treated my entreaties and prayers for permission to correspond with you, as I might, by my weak complainings diminish, the satisfaction which is due to you from a consciousness of acting right.

Fool

Fool that I was, did I not see the secret struggles of your soul?—did I not still see you adhere to that propriety of thought which is your distinguishing perfection?

Again I thank you for the privilege granted me—again I bless you for the only comfort which now remains for me.

I do not ask you to grant me more than this comfort of writing to and of hearing from you, that you are well, and that I am not obliterated altogether from your memory. Could I make you sensible of the strong feelings of my heart, then would you know how tenderly I love you, and how impossible for that love ever to cease but with my life.

With what delight do I review, in imagination, our infant sports, the

gradual unfolding of our sentiments, and the delight with which I first perceived the similarity of our sentiments. Happy were those days, for then would you call me your dear Henrique. Will they ever return? Assure me, that though those days are fled like a dream, I am still dear to you, and that I shall never be forgotten. This will cast a gleam of sunshine over my mind.

The idea of you accompanies me every where. I endeavour to see how you are employed, and to imagine myself in your company. Oh! that this were more than ideal—I dare not indulge the thought.

Why would you bind yourself not to accept my hand, until my mother approved? Have you done this? Or does my friend say so in order to restrain my impetuosity? You could feel  
for

for the Duchess, but not once consider what might be my suffering, should she persist in her present pursuit after riches, without once putting my happiness in competition with her avarice. This is the vice of age, and should be repressed.

I shall, to-morrow, ask an interview with Donna Isabella, my aunt; after which I shall again write to my mother. Then, my Adela, shall she acknowledge your worth or lose a son.

Your brother's letter causes me to be uneasy on his account—he complains of ill health. I fear that he is attached to a woman undeserving of his tenderness, and who is not formed to return his affection. I know too well how ridiculous is advice in cases where the heart is concerned, and where a second person is never competent to judge, to attempt giving mine to him. I wish  
he



he could be persuaded to quit the spot where he now is, and fly to scenes of novelty and amusement: then might he forget a woman who is unworthy of his regard. Try your influence. Where it exerted over me, what could not you effect?

Your friend is in the deepest sorrow—it is but too true that the Count is no more. I do not believe that she ever had a strong affection for him, or I should sincerely deplore her present state, which is still dreadful; as I believe her to possess a mind strongly tinged by religion, I trust she will exert this in order to regain fortitude sufficient to support her under this dreadful calamity.

Write to me, let me conjure you; your letters will be a balm, that the present distraction of my mind stands much  
in

in need of. Say that you participate in my uneasiness, say that *you love me*, and I shall consider every future sorrow as obliterated by that single sentence: and I will patiently wait until my mother does justice to your worth. I feel that I am doing injustice to my mother, whilst I say till ~~she~~ she does justice to your worth. I am certain she never for a moment thought that doubtful; that she ever does, and ever will, acknowledge the virtues of the most adored of women. She wishes me to possess riches, and vainly thinks that marrying these is happiness. Your little cottage, and a bed of straw, is preferable to the canopied state of monarchs in my esteem, were I in possession of the heart of my Adela.

I entreat you to lay no restrictions on my pen: it only breaths the sentiments of a heart devoted to you. Be careful  
of

of your health, for the sake of him who  
is ever, most unalterably,

Your's,

HENRIQUE.

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MR. HOARE

TO

MR. HARROWBY.

MY DEAR HARROWBY, Oak-Stock Park.

I WILL not wait, until I am called  
upon, to congratulate you by ceremony  
and etiquette. I rejoice sincerely at your  
good fortune—and I will add, in that too  
of the amiable and accomplished Lady,  
who has determined to unite her fortune  
in life with yours. It must be a plea-  
sure

sure to every good mind to see merit, like yours, thus rewarded. It is really an honour to a woman, when, instead of yielding to the impudent importunities of some swaggering fortune-hunter, with a red coat, a long sword, and a cockade, (a class of mortals pretty numerous in Ireland,) she rewards modest and unassuming merit. The conduct of my predecessor, in the capacity of tutor in the family of Aldborough, and yours, both of them rewarded with good fortune, shew that human affairs are very complicated, and that general rules are to be modified in carrying them into execution, by particular circumstances; since, in situations so similar, to all appearance, as yours and my predecessor's, wealth and honour were to be obtained by modes of conduct directly opposite.

I am infinitely entertained with the account you give of your visitors from  
Westmeath,



Westmeath, which I hope you will continue. Their coming, with the greatest *sang froid*, to court the affections of Lady Fitzarran, and in the mean time to take up their quarters, and make good cheer in her house, calls to mind the *suitors* in the *Odyssæ* of Homer, who came to pay their addressees to Penelope in the absence of Ulysses.

———— The tables in fair order spread,  
 They heap the glitt'ring canisters with bread;  
 Viands of various kinds allure the taste  
 Of choicest fort and favour, rich repast!  
 Delicious wines th'attending herald brought:  
 The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.  
 Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,  
 In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste:  
 Marshal'd in order due, to each a few'r  
 Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ew'r!  
 Luxurious then they feast. Observant round  
 Gay, stripling youths the brimming goblets  
 crown'd.

The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,  
 And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance:

To

To Phemius was consign'd the chorded lyre,  
 Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire :  
 Phemius, whose voice divine cou'd sweetest sing  
 High strains, responsive to the vocal string.

To tempt the spouseless queen with am'rous wiles,  
 Resort the nobles from the neighb'ring isles ;  
 From Samos, circled with th'Ionian main,  
 Dulcium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign ;  
 Ev'n with presumptuous hope her bed t'ascend,  
 The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.  
 She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,  
 Her heart detesting what her ear allows.  
 They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,  
 My stores in riotous expence devour :  
 In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,  
 And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.

It is, you know, young Telemachus  
 who speaks here—your Telemachus is in  
 Switzerland on his travels, as the father  
 of Telemachus was on his; but were he  
 at home, he would not be moved to  
 tears and lamentations, but to mirth  
 and laughter.—Adieu my dear friend,  
 and

and believe me to be ever, most sincerely  
and faithfully,

Your's,

SYLVESTER HOARE.

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LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE

TO

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

IT is with extreme reluctance that I proceed on a task that must give pain to my brother. You desire to be informed how we pass our time here. Not at all to my taste, though quite to that of my sister Susan's, who seems to have determined to disgust every one by her conduct, and to try how far her absurd ideas may be carried. In short, my stay  
here

here will be of very short duration, should she persist in her present plan of maintaining her rights. Julia is quite shocked at her conduct. The Count and Mademoiselle de Montfort seem astonished. The former is greatly hurt, and seems inclined to alter his opinion.

The Ladies of this country, who have visited us upon our arrival, have, by Lady Susan, been treated with the highest contempt; insomuch, that I hear they are determined to see her no more. She ridiculed them to their faces, for being attached to domestic concerns, and plainly told them, that they were unacquainted with the duties belonging to the female character: that God had implanted reason in their minds, but that from education they had been debarred from the free exercise of this noble gift. That it was beneath a woman to teach her daughter those accomplishments that  
might



might attract the attention of the other sex to their personal beauty. She should demand it from a display of her reasoning faculties. She should *compel* the other sex to acknowledge her equality. The ladies were amazed at this doctrine, which she carried to a great length. As you know that the Welch character is rather irritable, you will not be surprized at their having come to a determination to avoid us in future.

Another instance, I will give you, of her Amazonian deportment. She positively attended a country meeting, and there gave an invitation to all the gentlemen present to dine at the Hall. This they readily accepted, and actually came. I was obliged to countenance this so far as to be present at dinner, but I sent Julia to stay with Mademoiselle Adela, her brother being of my sister's party. After the cloth was withdrawn, I left the

the room, and hoped that Susan would have done the same, leaving the Count to do the honours of the house. No; she had invited them purposely to convince those men that women were not to be driven out of their society as incapable of maintaining their rank as reasonable beings. I left them. The Count came and took coffee with me. He told me that Lady Susan had quite astonished her company by the strange sentiments that she had uttered, and that he could not but wonder at her conduct. I explained to him how she had imbibed these notions. I could plainly see that her conduct gave him much pain. He is extremely amiable, and was not Susan intoxicated with these whims, she might, I am persuaded, render herself respectable and the Count happy. I begin to perceive that Julia is rather partial to the Count. This, joined to what I have before related, determines me to return to my

my own house as soon as I can conveniently leave this country. What do I not owe to my brother for his goodness, in rendering it possible for me to revisit the lodge as its mistress? But I will not make acknowledgments.

Perhaps, if you could spare time, your presence and remonstrances might restrain Susan from acting thus in violation of all propriety of conduct.

I have not said a word yet of the country, which I admire very much from its bold and romantic appearance. The eye reposes with pleasure upon the richness of the woods, after contemplating precipices that seem ribbed with iron, and follow the receding hills, wave after wave, till they are lost in azure. Amongst these do I sometimes linger until imagination calls up the shades of the Druids, who are said to have inhabited

bited this country. Here are many remains of their temples, raised in the groves not far from this place.

I am in great pain on another account, which is, that Lady Morgan has heard my sister harangue on her favourite topic, and has spoken to me about it. She intends seriously taking her to task, and believes that she shall effect a reformation in her opinions. Now, as I am certain that no argument of her Ladyship will prevail, I much fear that Susan will give her not a little offence, as she considers the genuine benevolence and feminine tenderness of her disposition as nothing but weakness. I perfectly agree with Sir Edward, who was present at the conversation that her Ladyship and I held. He said that women, like deer, are safest in the herd; she that breaks away from her acquaintance may be most fol-



lowed indeed; but the end of the chace is very often fatal.

Julia desires me to tell you that she never knew how well she liked you until she was far away; now every pleasing prospect brings you to her remembrance, and she wishes you by her side to enjoy its beauties.

I am daily expecting a letter from William, to say that he safely arrived. I am become quite a soldier's wife, and can now think of the absence of my husband without a tear.

I hope my dear brother is as happy as he deserves to be. I need not extend my wish; for in this is comprehended every earthly blessing. In the enjoyment of which may he long remain.

SABINA SOMMERVILLE.

## THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN

TO

## ADELA DE MONTFORT.

I RECEIVED my dear Adela's consoling epistle; for which my warmest thanks are due. In the possession of your friendship I am most happy, every other prospect is sad and gloomy. I dare not look forward, and I cannot look back without terror.

The Earl of Landsford has written to Mrs. Mortimer a confirmation of the dreadful news. A person, on whose veracity he has the strongest reliance, left Paris the day on which the Convention pronounced judgment on the Count. I cannot write the rest—but no doubt remains—I will fly from London, and take refuge with you in the country; there

I shall be at liberty to indulge my sorrows. I am never to know peace. Mrs. Mortimer talks in a most unfeeling manner. She has hinted at my going to reside with her daughter, who is married, and who will be glad to have a relation, who may assist her in superintending the education of a favorite child. In short, she wants a governess: only it might be indelicate to say this in direct terms. I know this is her intention, as she has frequently told me of persons of distinction who have fallen from their rank by misfortunes, and obtained, by the means of their accomplishments, a genteel income. I intend to accept this offer, having a sufficiency transmitted to me, through the means of the good Duchess de B\*\*\*, to answer my exigencies for the present. Should peace ever be restored to our unhappy country, I will seek out our good superior Madame Adeliade, and with her pass the remainder of my days.

My

My own afflictions have borne so heavy on my mind, that I have forgotten to relate to you an adventure that has happened to me since I came here.

A letter was sent to me, requesting my presence in Bury-street, St. James's, the Baroness Morteuil having something to communicate. Lord Landsford being present when I received the summons, offered to accompany me, which I accepted. Mrs. Smith went along with me also, at Mrs. Mortimer's.

The Baroness was ill, and I was conducted by the Baron, whose countenance and appearance bespoke extreme misery, to the bed-chamber of his Lady. At the door he consigned me to the attendant, and went down stairs.

I approached the bed, in which I saw a Lady supported by pillows, and who



might have been a corpse from her appearance. As I came nearer, the nurse said, Madam, here is the good Lady come to whom you desired the Baron to write. She opened her eyes and gazed on me for some moments without speaking—At length she uttered, do I see the Countess de Montmorin? You do, Madam, I replied, I am come to see if ought in my power can relieve you, and restore that health at which you seem to stand in so much need—No human power can restore that, she replied with a deep sigh: sorrow has drank the vital blood that warms my heart; it will soon cease to vibrate—After a pause, she said, excuse me, young Lady, for thus sending for you to witness the afflictions of one whose youthful prospects were as unclouded as your own—Here I could not refrain from tears. How had she mistaken my situation when she could mention my youthful prospects as uncloud-  
ed?

ed? She, perceiving my distress, said, forgive me, young Lady, I did not mean to hurt you; I hope you have no other cause for sorrow but what results from the sensibility of your heart, and which is now drawn forth in pity for the unfortunate object now before you. — I sent for you, Madam, to interest you in behalf of the best of men, who will, when fate in a few short hours shall separate us for ever, have no earthly comfort. We have lived near thirty years together, have experienced the dreadful uncertainties of life, and sustained them with the fortitude of Christians. But this last separation is too much for us both. Will you, Madam, extend your goodness towards him when I am gone? Shall he be left a prey to want? To famine? — The Baroness sunk lifeless into the arms of the woman who held her up whilst she was speaking.

From this woman I learnt, that they were in the utmost state of wretchedness; that the Baron had hardly tasted food for two days in order to procure some little medicine for his wife. That the people with whom they lodged were hard and unfeeling, and had, only last night, threatened to turn them out if they did not apply to some friend; or if they had none, to the parish officers. How my heart ached at this recital, I need not describe. On the recovery of the Baroness, I took her hand, which was cold as death, within mine, and bade her to make herself easy; that I would, as far as in my power, ward off any farther misfortune, and that both the Baron and herself should freely share my little pittance. She was unable to thank me, but her tears spoke most eloquently. She appeared relieved by my assurances—After sitting in silence, a few moments, the Baroness told me, that both the Baron

ron

ron and herself were personally known to the Count, or she should not have written to solicit my friendship. Nay, that she had papers to deposit to my care, which related to some family concerns, of which it would be proper that the Count should be informed. She said, that she had feared to trust them to the ~~figh~~ of the Baron during her life; and that, at her death, they might fall into his hand. If so, his affliction would be heightened. That he might be tempted to return to France, and thereby rush into the snare laid for him by his enemies. I then told her of the imprisonment of my husband. This affected her, and she gave a tear to our mutual misfortunes. I said, I should receive her deposit, and if it pleased heaven to restore him to my prayers, that I would give her papers to the Count, who, I was well assured, would, if possible, execute her commands. I saw that she was quite exhausted, and



told her, that I would leave her to take some rest, and return the next morning; but that she must allow me to leave my purse for her use, as a mark of her confidence. It shall be as you please, Madam, she replied. I laid it behind her pillow. After recommending the Baroness to the care of the attendant, and desiring her to inform the people with whom they lodged, that I would satisfy their demands, I went down stairs, where I found the Baron with Lord Landsford. I expressed to him my hopes, that, by our mutual efforts, we might be able to restore our sick patient. He shook his head, saying, Ah, my amiable Lady! you know not her sufferings; pray heaven you may never meet so severe a fate. I have lost all hope in this world. The tears trickled down his venerable cheek as he put me into the carriage. I was so much affected by the scene I had witnessed, that I hardly spoke to his Lord-

ship, who had been so good as to attend me; and who, I doubt not, thought my behaviour strange. He seemed greatly embarrassed at quitting me, which I cannot account for. He is gone to the country for a short time, but had the goodness to send an express to Mrs Mortimer as soon as he heard from France: since which I have been too ill to attend to any thing.

I have written a very long letter, therefore shall defer any farther continuance of the Baroness's story. You shall have it in a few days, when I am a little better in spirits. Adieu, Adela.

Your's,

JAEQUILINE DE MONTMORIN.

## THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

IT is with pleasure I hear that you are well, and that the follies of a silly woman do not affect you otherwise than they ought.

You will now believe my assertion, that you would find Susan unworthy your affection: for, though my sister, I pronounce her unworthy the serious notice of any man of understanding: she is incorrigible. Thus it is when notions are put into the head of women who do not give them a proper investigation. They just take as much of any doctrine as suits their purpose, and if they act wrong, upon the whole they  
blame

blame the author of the principles which they imbibe ; not themselves. This will be my sister's fate. The rights of women have an imposing sound to a female who has more pride than solid sense. To command is to them more agreeable than to submit : when in fact submission gives them an uncontrouled power over our affections. By this chain they imperceptibly hold the reins of government.

Sabina talks of leaving you sooner than she at first intended : but the eccentricities of Lady Susan make her tremble lest Julia should approve and immitate them. Of this I do not entertain the least fear : their dispositions are diametrically opposite, and will, I hope, unless Susan alters her's, ever remain so.

You have heard that the Count de  
Mont-



Montmorin is no more : and I am not hypocrite sufficient to say, that I am sorry. I already see the fair Countess lovely in her weeds. I shall leave my card of condolence, and hope for admittance when she sees company. Cannot you, in confidence, whisper to your sister that I admire her friend. Women will communicate these things to each other. I would have Jacqueline (being used to hear you call her so before she came to England) think sometimes of me. That name is more familiar and agreeable to me than the other.

I shall again set off for town, having brought my business to a conclusion. Mr. Hoare will stay to settle some affairs relative to his own house, the one with which I have had the satisfaction to present him. He often enquires for his artless maid, the appellation given by him to Julia when a child, and equally proper in more advanced life.

I am

I am not pleased with your staying in the country : you will grow weary and melancholy. At present the season invites your stay, but surely you do not think of spending a winter in Wales. When I return I shall see the Duke's intended : if she is tolerable, it would be an act of charity to marry her, and leave him to follow his own inclinations, which would soon lead him to your cottage. I am thinking of this : so, if you read of a treaty of marriage being entered upon between us don't be surprized.

I am going to make some repairs here, as I would have my house in complete order when it is graced by the presence of a mistress. I am become quite gay, as I intend to leave off sighing, finding it does not agree with me.

I must quit my pen, as I have challenged

ed Mr. Hoare to play a game at chess, and he is come to beat me, as he says—we will try this.

Your's,

LANDSFORD.

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THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN

TO

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

I RECEIVED your last as I do all your letters, with pleasure, and am happy that your brother is rather disgusted with the manners of Lady Susan Spencer. How very opposite are her Ladyship and her brother! I think Lord Landsford has a particularly interesting

teresting appearance. This I observed on his first visit : for he addressed much of his discourse to me, and spoke most feelingly of the sufferings of our unfortunate countrymen.

But, if his first interview pleased me, judge how much more he must gain upon my esteem : When on my second visit to the Baroness; she informed me, that the gentleman who accompanied me, had enabled the Baron to discharge his debts, and that her prayers had been offered to Heaven, and she hoped, accepted for his future happiness. This was most generous, as he must have perceived their distress, and had anticipated my intentions for their relief.

But I forgot that whilst I am telling you of Lord Landsford's generosity, you are wishing to hear of the Baroness.

On



On the renewal of my visit (which took place, as soon as I could go out after the dreadful news that had overwhelmed me in misery and affliction) I went to Bury Street, and then found that all hopes were at an end with regard to the life of the Baroness, for she was fast approaching towards her last moments. She seemed greatly shocked at seeing me in my mourning habit, but raised her hands in gratitude to Heaven for having spared her to see me once more. And lest any accident should prevent her, she begged that I would allow her to place in my care papers of the utmost moment. She directed her attendant to reach a packet that was locked in a trunk. She did so—The Baroness desired to be left alone with me: As soon as we were so, she said, to you Madame, with confidence I can trust these papers. They contain a story of woe, and may warn you against practising

tising.

tising deception in any shape, though seemingly for the most virtuous purposes. I conjure you never to let the contents of this packet be communicated to my husband, unless you can find a clue to guide him towards happiness. She had scarcely finished the last sentence; when, grasping my hand, into which she put her papers, she sunk lifeless on her pillow. I rang violently, and the Baron and the nurse came in at the same moment. On seeing the death-like paleness that had overspread her countenance, he exclaimed, gracious God, is she dead! My beloved wife look up, do not plunge me into despair. After sometime, we recovered her from the swoon into which she had fallen: but she never recovered her speech, though she knew us, and made signs to the Baron to quit the room. After having embraced him, she lifted her eyes in fervent prayer to Heaven, and then

then expired without a groan. Never shall I forget the Baron, who stood fixed a monument of despair. He did not seem to breath, nor did he attend to any thing. When I could restrain my tears sufficiently to speak to him. I advised, that they should send for a physician, and in the mean time endeavour to get him out of the room.

I then went down stairs and spoke to the master of the house, whom I desired to assist the Baron ; adding, that I would pay them any reasonable expence. After giving my address, I returned home greatly shocked at the scene to which I had been a witness, I had little need of any depression of spirits. I therefore, deposited the packet with some papers of value of my own ; determining not to open it until fate had relaxed of its severity, or I should become more able to meet its frowns.

I yes-

I yesterday, with Mrs. Mortimer, paid a visit to Donna Isabella Alviedo, and Lady Theresa de Guzman. Never was I more disgusted with my own sex than with the affected airs of this young Lady. She sat opposite to a large pier glass, to which she paid infinitely more attention than to either myself or Mrs. Mortimer. She asked an abundance of questions about you, as to what place you resided in, and under whose protection you were! To all of which I returned very laconic answers. She said, she believed that the Duke was mourning your absence, for, that neither her aunt's entreaties nor her own could draw him to partake with them their amusements of the town. The elder Lady said, that she lamented the infatuation of the Duke; but that she hoped that he might be brought to a right sense of his duty to the best of parents. That she had had a very long  
con-



conversation with him only the day before; and flattered herself that she had made some impression on his mind. This was flattery, I could have said; for that the impression already made there was too deep to be erased by her arguments: of this I am sure, so my dear Adela don't let your spirits feel any depression.

I am going to call on the Baron. I hope to find him resigned to the loss of his Lady, and, that I may be able to contribute towards his future comfort.

Your's

JACQUILINE DE MONTMORIN.

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*  
TO  
THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

THERE does not exist a more miserable being on earth than myself at this moment. All my projected happiness is vanished like a dream, and I seem to stand alone in the world, pre-eminent in wretchedness.

Every vision of hope is fled—But I will relate, as well as my scattered thoughts will admit, how this has been accomplished.

I sent a note yesterday at noon to my aunt, requesting an hour's private conversation with her. The desired audience was directly granted: I went—and then in the most respectful manner informed

formed her of the true state of my heart. Of this, I know she had been apprized before, though she affected the greatest surprize on the occasion. I could see that the part was over acted. She lamented, in most pathetic terms, that her dear child, as she called my cousin, had lavished her affections on an ungrateful and an undeserving object. All this did not affect me in the least.

She then told me, that when I could sacrifice my other relations to my follies, she did not doubt, but what she must now inform me, would be equally indifferent to me. This was, that the future support of the Duchefs entirely depended on me. To this assertion I hardly gave credit until she took a letter from her pocket, which was written by my mother, and, in which she explains her situation, but desires it may not be made known to me. Her agent, where she  
had

had lodged the small remains of the wreck of our fortune, had absconded. And, except a few hundred pounds, this beloved parent is left destitute—she who has been nursed in the lap of prosperity. Can I doom her to linger out the remainder of her days in want?—Landford, this is impossible—Yet, what to do, or on what to determine I know not—My aunt saw that I was greatly shocked. She said, that her niece did not know the dreadful situation of our affairs, that it would be very easy to conceal this from her, should I determine to act as became me—Indeed, she said, that fortune could be no object with Don Guzman: that he had set his heart upon the match—Thus then am I caught in the toil—I could sacrifice my life to effect the happiness of my mother. I shall make a greater sacrifice than life itself, if I am obliged to give up Adela—It is impossible: give her



up I never can. She has, with the greatest delicacy, given me to understand that I am not indifferent to her, and is that the moment when I am to desert her?—The thought is madness! I will not indulge it—Write me what I ought to do. I am incapable of thinking for myself—Adieu.

Yours,

DE B\*\*\*.

Do not answer this letter, as I have come to a determination since writing this, and shall quit town instantly.

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*

TO

DONNA ISABELLA ALVIEDO.

MADAM,

ON confideration I find it impossible for me, confistently with that honour which has defcended to me from my ancestors, and, which is now rendered doubly facred, it being now my only poffeffion, to take the hand of my coufin whilft my heart is, and ever will be devoted to another. To prevent any further remonftrance, I have removed from town. Give me leave to add, that I hope the Lady Therefa will meet in the marriage ftate with that return of affection which fhe could never experience was fhe to unite herfelf to your moft unhappy nephew.

DE B\*\*\*.

LADY JULIA SPENCER

TO

MISS EMMA FITZARRAN.

I GIVE you many thanks for your obliging letter, and for making me, in some degree, acquainted with my own heart. You desire to be my confessor ! I have one already here that has undertaken the office. However, in consideration of our friendship, I will own to you, that I am not indifferent to the Count de Montfort. It is quite impossible to see, and not to admire him. I have done all in my power to avoid thinking of de Montfort other than as a friend ; nay, as the destined husband of my sister : and had once philosophy enough to resign him to her. But, my Emma, this was when I thought that she liked him, and he her. But I have begun to perceive,

perceive, that her affectation has given him great disgust, insomuch, that he studiously avoids our house. Were it not for Adela I should never see him. I often, under a pretence of visiting her, steal to the cottage. She perceives why I come so often; I know she does, but my secret is quite secure with her; she will not betray me. Sabina talks of leaving this place in about a fortnight. Indeed I do not wonder at her determination; my sister has rendered herself odious to every one. She uses the Count with the greatest insolence. I yesterday was present when Sabina talked to her on this subject. She replied to her arguments in favour of a change in her manners, that she wished her to content herself with the management of my morals, and that her conduct would never be altered, except on her own conviction; that as to the Count, he deserved punishment for addressing her as a lover, and



since he had presumed so far, she intended to convince us how mean and contemptible these men, who boast superiority, can render themselves. To this Sabina replied, that her own sense must suffer some degradation when she rendered that man contemptible on whom she might hereafter depend for happiness. She laughed at her, and begged to assure her, that she did not mean to place her future happiness on so frail a foundation as the caprice of man.

By this conversation I have been induced to think that she has no affection for the Count; and, consequently, never means to marry him. If he has any attachment now to her, which I am sometimes inclined to doubt, he has sense enough to be convinced how unworthy she is of his love.

Adela

Adela and I are engaged to spend the day with Lady Morgan; so I must go and dress. Susan has quite renounced the society of her Ladyship; not being able to bear with some little particularities of the family, which a constant residence in the country, and a violent pride of ancestry has rendered habitual. For my own part, I am very happy in the society of this benevolent family. The genuine goodness of their hearts displayed in numberless acts of kindness to the unfortunate exiles, who came unknown to this country, have always excited in my bosom sentiments of respect, that no diversity of manner can ever obliterate. Sabina is not very well, or we should not go alone to Tregony-Hall. The Count has letters to write, and takes the opportunity of our absence. Adieu, Emma.

Your's,

JULIA SPENCER.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*

I ACKNOWLEDGE, Henrique,  
that you have a just right to complain.  
I have not been a regular correspondent  
of late. I have been dissatisfied with  
myself, therefore I thought it was best  
to remain silent.

You were right when you expressed  
surprize, my friend, how it could be  
possible for me to pass by so interesting,  
and lovely a woman as Lady Julia Spen-  
cer, and attach myself to the affectation  
of Lady Susan. When I was first in-  
troduced into the family of Lady Ald-  
borough, her Ladyship kept Lady Julia  
entirely out of society, except that of  
her own family, who visited her in her

OWN

own apartments. A clergyman's widow was her companion, and occasional governess; for, indeed, Lady Aldborough took that task upon herself, and well has she accomplished it. During the time I remained in the family, I was never permitted to go to her Ladyship's rooms. Lady Aldborough always refused Lord Landsford when he proposed that I should accompany him in his morning visits to his sister. Since Lady Susan has been here, a similarity of disposition has drawn her Ladyship to visit Adela, and I have witnessed the virtues and amiable qualities of Lady Julia in so striking a contrast with those of Lady Susan, that I am almost led to become an apostate from her charms. Indeed, my friend, I am ashamed to express even to you what indignities I have suffered from this imperious beauty, whom I have determined to look upon as unworthy the esteem of him whom she treats with insult.



In the society of Lady Julia and Adela I find much delight. They both possess enlightened minds, joined to the most unaffected manners. I never saw two females more alike in disposition. Lady Sommerville made this remark to me, and it is a just one.

You wish me to come to town. I do not think I shall quit this place. I am tired of the world, and would seek peace in retirement. You have written to my sister, and she has answered you. Does not this tend to strengthen your attachment to each other which is only court-  
ing sorrow, when it is most probable, that you will never receive the sanction of the Duchess; without which Adela will never, were she solicited even by me, give you her hand. You will think this arrogance in me to say, but in her breast honour holds the first place; and she would be certain that  
I never

I never would solicit but where that points.

You were so good as to offer me a share of your purse. Be assured, did I need it, I would not hesitate ; at present I do not : as, on my arrival in England, my father had been sufficiently provident (which I mentioned before) to secure property in the British funds. Beyond what this sum allows, though but trifling, I never will launch. It secures me from poverty, and enables me to offer a small mite towards the relief of those who have not been equally fortunate. This is happiness compared to the state of many of our countrymen, who are condemned to wander in a foreign land without even the use of the language, wherewith to solicit even charity. Whilst in London, I have met many in this dismal situation. In this state I met the daughter of a Countess, who once

held a place high in the rank of fashion. It is true, that she was not literally asking relief, but she was unable to speak sufficient English to find the house of a Lady who employed her in painting some gauze; by which, and other similar employments, she maintained herself and mother. To contemplate the daughter of that woman, who not two years before had even Princes at her levee, and whose box at the opera was crouded with the first characters in Paris, walking alone, in a dress that denoted poverty, in the streets of London, was most melancholy. This, and many similar instances, which equally called forth my feelings, made me first think of retirement; and having found one that pleases me, I do not wish again to quit it. Your society would render me happy, but that is both improper and impossible, considering your necessary attendance on your aunt and cousin. You do not say a word concerning them in your last letter.

I spend this day alone, having just handed Lady Julia and my sister to their chaise, in which they are now proceeding to Tregony-Hall.

You don't tell me if the Countess de Montmorin is greatly affected at the death of the Count. She is no hypocrite, and will not carry about her "the mock cry of woe." I do not think that her heart was ever consulted in the match, from what my sister tells me. You will be pleased to hear that her beauty had made an impression on the heart of Landsford, of which I believe her to be deserving. Considering my opinion of the Earl, I cannot pay her a higher compliment. However, it is too soon to speak of a second marriage, and the Lady is too delicate to allow of a supposition, that she will in any degree commit a breach of indecorum.

I find,



I find, or I fancy I do, a degree of coldness in your letters to which I have not been accustomed. How is this? Have I lost your friendship because I will not allow you to take my sister and beggary to your arms? Assure yourself that it is painful in the extreme for me to know that a mutual attachment subsists betwixt you, and that it can only tend to mutual uneasiness, if no worse effect is produced. If I am wrong in my conjecture forgive me, and believe my attachment to you most unalterable.

R. DE MONTFORT.

LADY SABINA SOMMERVILLE

TO

THE COUNT DE MONTFORT.

I FIND my hand unable to perform the task that I have undertaken. Fly then ! Instantly fly hither, my friend, or our dear Adela may be lost for ever. The servant who brings this, and who was a witness of the scene, will relate the horrid story.

SABINA SOMMERVILLE.

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ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

LADY SABINA SOMMERVILLE.

EXCUSE me, Madam, in not obeying your summons — I will pursue the villain

villain to the utmost verge of the earth,  
but I will find and punish him. I take  
your Ladyship's servant and horses.

I am all distraction,  
but your obliged,

R. DE MONTFORT.

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LADY JULIA SPENCER

TO

MISS EMMA FITZARRAN.

WHEN I wrote last to my friend,  
how little did I apprehend what was to  
be the dreadful catastrophe of the visit  
my beloved Adela and I were going to  
make at Tregony-Hall—It is now three  
days since, and I am hardly able to relate  
the particulars. Adela, my friend and com-  
panion, is lost.—Lost for ever—but let  
me

me try to give you the story. After having spent a most agreeable day at the Hall, we set out on our return. About half way, our road lay through a narrow road, a wood on one side and a river on the other. The shadow of the tall trees made the road totally dark, except here and there a gleam of light, where the moon broke through the foliage, and served to render the parts more gloomy. We were just observing, that this spot would convey frightful ideas were we not so far distant from town, when two horsemen plunged out of the thicket almost at the same moment, and caused us both to scream. One held the horses whilst the other came to the chaise, and with most dreadful imprecations demanded of the servant on horseback, which of the Ladies was Madame de Montfort. The poor fellow hesitated, on which Adela said, for God sake spare the man, it is me you want ; it is my name that you repeated. Oh ! I am satisfied, said the



the wretch, quit the chaise, make no noise, or I have that which has silenced stouter than you, (shewing his pistols.) Adela uttered a most dreadful shriek, and fell lifeless to the bottom of the carriage. The man seized her in his arms, and ran with her round a turning of the lane. He instantly returned, mounted his horse, as the servants told me afterwards, and, uttering many curses on our noise, they galloped off. They had a chaise in waiting into which they conveyed Adela; for, in a few moments, they were observed to drive very fast over a hill at no great distance.—The servants brought me home almost lifeless. The Count is gone in search of the villains.—Hark! I think I hear the trampling of horses! No! The sounds, that I hoped would bring us some news, have died away with the passing wind, and I am left again to expectation.

Twelve

Twelve o'clock, and no news—I am just now retired to my chamber, but not to rest. Imagination paints visions that rise in succession, and frighten sleep from my eyes.

What may not Adela have suffered during this tedious interval! What dangers may not the Count have encountered should he have traced the wretches who tore her from my side!

I cannot think of sending this letter away, and consigning my dear Emma to suspense, when I myself find it so unsupportable. Some of the servants have orders to sit up; and, if any one returns, to come instantly and inform us.

For what dreadful purpose could they carry her off? she has no acquaintance in London, except the Duke de B\*\*\* and

and the Countess de Montmorin. I would not, by this, insinuate that we have the least suspicion of the Duke. Both my sisters think him incapable of an action so base: I never saw him. Since we have been in Wales, none of the gentlemen who have met her here seemed to look on her with the least partiality. This might be accounted for by her being a Frenchwoman, and every one, having in some degree taken a detestation at the name and character of these people. It is in vain for me to attempt at any conjecture. I will endeavour to calm my fears, and, if possible, for a time forget the subject which has caused them. I will continue this letter in the morning.—Adieu.—

I had hardly closed my eyes when a loud ring at the gate of the outer court roused me. I instantly arose, and went to my sister's room. She had been awakened

ened by the noise. On looking out of her window, which faced the gate, I perceived, on its being opened, a man on horseback. My sister's maid came to inform us, that Philip was returned, and had brought a letter, which was carried to Sabina. I ran instantly to her room, and found her reading the following letter from the Count; which, being short, I shall transcribe.

MADAM,

EVER since I set out my search has been unwearied, but as yet fruitless. I am waiting for fresh horses to renew my journey. Philip will relate the occurrences of the last two days. I shall write again the instant I get any intelligence worth communication.

DE MONTFORT.

This letter gave us no information where they had been. My sister dressed,  
and



and went down to question Philip. He then told us, that they had been at every post town within ten or fifteen miles of this place, but could hear no tidings of the Lady. But that, at last, where he had left the Count just after they arrived, a chaise and four came full speed into the yard; that a gentleman alighted, upon which the Count ran out of the parlour and called him by his name. The gentleman turned round and seemed much surprized, but held out his hand to the Count; which he angrily put aside, and many words ensued. That the other gentleman appeared greatly agitated whilst they were speaking. The conversation being in another language, Philip could not tell us the subject; but, he said, that after some time the two gentlemen went into the same room together. That when he was called up, the stranger was walking up and down in great distraction.

The

The Count then desired Philip to return home and relate to us where he had been, and that he would never give up the search whilst he had life. The poor fellow told us, that his heart ached for the Count, who had never laid down once, and hardly taken any refreshment since the sad disaster.

Why did not the Count write to us whom he had met; as he might naturally think that we should be anxious. Perhaps he might not know that Philip, who, he tells us, stood near the gentlemen during the altercation, did not understand his language.

Or it may be, that they had at last came to the dreadful determination to decide their quarrel in the way that is practised by men of honour, as they stile themselves. His sending the servant back immediately after this rencontre,  
gives

gives room for this suspicion, and his so studiously avoiding any mention of meeting a friend.

I thought that the return of the servant would have given ease to my mind. Now, instead of this, I am more perplexed and more alarmed.

Whilst I am writing this, the Count may be a breathless corse. The thought is so shocking that it chills my blood. I can write no more.

Your's

JULIA SPENCER.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

TO

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*.

MY sister, I greatly fear, is lost! lost for ever! No traces of the steps of the villains who carried her off, though I have taken occasion to strike frequently out of the high road in order to enquire at the neighbouring hamlets.

Perhaps your search has been more successful. If so, instantly dispatch a messenger to me. Here I am, unable to proceed.—Fatigue of body, and the agitation of my mind has brought on a fever. I write this from my bed.

Forgive, forgive me, Henrique, my unjust suspicions. Consider the circum-



stances under which we met: I knew not that you was in the country, and had just lost a beloved sister, for whom I knew your attachment.

All doubt instantly vanished when I perceived the distraction of my friend at the dreadful information, that Adela was lost—And is she lost? Shall we never behold her more?—I need not urge you to pursue her murderous ravishers, and punish them. Your heart is too much interested to need any argument of mine—But write, I conjure you, write, if you have any news that has a semblance of probability that we may regain this beloved girl. I am too ill to proceed.

DE MONTFORT.

ROBERT AND ADELA. 75

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

YOUR illness adds to my affliction—  
I have this moment news that they  
crossed the ferry, about fifteen miles  
from this place, on the morning of the  
day before yesterday—I go instantly  
thither. If successful I will see you, if  
not I will send word.

DE B\*\*\*.

## FROM THE SAME

TO

## THE SAME.

NO longer in doubt, but overwhelmed with despair, I write to inform you, that my search is over.—Certainty!—dreadful certainty! leaves the world one spaceless void.

Even the poor peasants who stand round me weep her fate.—How can I relate to my friend, the brother of my Adela, what, but to think on, agonizes my whole frame with horror?

That Heaven should be armed with vengeance to destroy those monsters, proclaims its justice; but that virtue  
and

and innocence should suffer!—Oh! I cannot bear to think—I abhor existence—I will follow thee, my Adela. As well might the wretch, extended on the wheel, speak of happiness as I of peace. My mind is one chaos—I will come to you, Robert, instantly. We will weep together. Our woe is past cure. Despair has fixed her eternal throne in my bosom.

A gentleman, who has humanely undertaken to be my comforter—My comforter, did I say? He did not know my Adela, or he would leave me without making the attempt; has undertaken to write you the dreadful circumstance. Adieu, my brother, my friend,

DE B\*\*\*.



MR. MERYDITH

TO

THE COUNT DE MONTFORT.

SIR,

THE gentleman whom I found in a state bordering on distraction, is unable to relate the story that has caused his sorrow, and this, no doubt, will encrease yours. He has requested me to relate the incident which happened here two days ago.

Near the river Severn resides a boatman, whose occupation it is to ferry passengers to the opposite shore. About two in the morning he was awakened by a loud calling. On looking out, he perceived a man and a carriage at a distance.

distance. On asking what he wanted, he replied, to cross the Severn with a carriage, that was now at the side of the river. The boatman told him, that if he would wait until morning, he would take them safe over. This the other said he could not do; that he should be well paid if he would come down and get instantly ready, for his mistress's father was dying; and that he lived a short journey from the other side of the river. The night was uncommonly rough, and foreboded a violent tempest. The fellow entreated the boatman to come down and speak to him. He did so, and returned soon after to his wife, telling her, that, bad as the night was, he was determined to go over; that it would be greatly to their advantage, and he did not doubt but that he should get safe over, having done so many times before. In short he took the carriage into the ferry, and they put off. The wind

blew a hurricane, and continued to do so until long after day-break. The poor woman anxiously expected the return of her husband. About noon a fishing vessel put in to refit after the storm. On her enquiry, he informed the woman, that at day-break, one of his boys had seen something that resembled a coach, borne upon a distant wave, which greatly surprized him; but that the storm was then so violent as not to allow him time to examine further. This alarmed the poor woman, and she sent a man and horse more than ten miles to another ferry higher up the river, where he crossed, and went to the place at which the boatman should have landed, but could hear no tidings whatever. The people had been surprized at not seeing old James as usual, as it is a pass much frequented in calm weather. This information, with the circumstance of the carriage being seen tossing about on the waves, amounted

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ed to an undoubted proof of the melancholly catastrophe.

The messenger had only returned an hour, when the gentleman arrived here to enquire for the poor young lady, whose loss afflicts him so severely. He has sent messengers all along the coast in search of the bodies; but, no doubt, they were carried out to sea by the return of the tide. I am most truly affected by your distress, and should be happy, if, in the least in my power, to mitigate its force, or contribute to ease the suffering of the good gentleman now here.

I am,

Sir,

Your servant,

GEORGE MERYDITH.



LADY JULIA SPENCER

TO

MISS EMMA FITZARRAN.

READ and weep with me. I have enclosed you the dismal account. Our Adela is lost! is gone for ever!

After waiting in anxious suspense near two whole days, about eight o'clock last night the parlour door opened, and in rushed Robert de Montfort, pale as death. The sudden sight of him caused me to faint away. When I recovered, he was sitting in a chair near to the sofa to which they had carried me; his arms folded and his eyes fixed, the picture of despair. On my recovery, Sabina enquired what had caused the disorder in which

which she saw him. He presented a letter, that at once informed us of the nature of his sorrow, and which I have desired my woman to transcribe. My sister Susan witnessed this scene of misery unmoved. Soon after the Count entered, she left the room. I assisted my sister in persuading him to remain here, as going to the cottage must again call forth his feelings, which were, alas! but too poignant. He refused to listen to our entreaties for some time, saying, that they would bring the body of his beloved Adela thither, could it be found, and that then he should once more behold her. At length his illness got the better of him. This we understood by the postchaise-man who brought him hither. He had been confined to his bed-at their house for two days; but, on the arrival of a messenger, he had determined to come hither against the

remonstrance of a medical gentleman, who had been called in to attend him. He was conveyed to bed, where he remains in a violent fever, calling on his sister, and begging that she may be saved. The physician, whom we have sent for, is expected every moment. I shall hear his opinion. In short, I am almost as distracted as the Count; yet I have undertaken the task of informing the Countess de Montmorin of our loss. Excuse me then from writing more just now. You shall hear again soon from your unhappy

JULIA SPENCER.

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

ON coming to the inn where I expected to find you, I have been informed that you left it yesterday, and are at present at Lady Spencer's, where it is impossible that I should follow you. I could not bear to see the house that once contained my Adela, nor those friends with whom she used to associate. I cannot bear the least company.

I fondly clung to the least shadow of hope; and after the letter had been dispatched to you, I regained sufficient composure to think upon the circumstances which had been related. The woman's saying that the person who called

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ed up her husband, had told them that his mistress was going in haste to visit her father, who was dying, and who lived near the other side of the river, made me doubt whether we might not have concluded too rashly. I dispatched a messenger to enquire if the people knew of any gentleman who resided near them being ill. The man returned, and brought with him a token that put all doubt at defiance. My friend, it was the hat of our dearest Adela. I knew it was, by a small diamond buckle which I have seen her wear in happier days, placed in the front of a white beaver.

I am gone to town, from whence I shall remove to some remote corner of the earth, forgetting every other thing but her, whose memory will for ever be engraven in my heart.

DE R\*\*\*.

LADY SABINA SOMMERVILLE

TO

COLONEL SOMMERVILLE.

A MOST dreadful and fatal accident has thrown our little society into the utmost distress. My spirits are so much depressed, that I cannot give you a circumstantial account; only that we have lost Adela de Montfort. She was forcibly carried off by some villains, who took her out of our carriage, which was returning with her and Julia from Tregony-Hall. She was to have been carried across the river Severn, but the ferry-boat, and all it contained, was lost. The Count, her brother, is here. He has been in a violent fever, but that has subsided, and he is now in a more settled state. I fear, however, that a  
ner-

nervous disorder will succeed. The physician is of the same opinion. We have been in the utmost confusion ever since this sad event. The one who suffers most is, at present, silent. This is my Julia, who has yielded her heart to the Count, though she is afraid to let this be observed. Susan is the only collected or composed person of our party. I am sorry to say, that her absurd notions have entirely divested her of those feelings which render the female character estimable as well as amiable. The Count is totally cured of his *penchant* for her, by the extreme insolence of her behaviour to him. I thought that of late he used to regard Julia with much attention. He frequently mentioned her name, with that of his sister, during the paroxysm of his disorder. This might arise from the attachment of the young ladies to each other. Certain it is, my sister is an altered girl. She had  
lost

lost all her spirits before this accident. This has determined me to return directly to the lodge. I have written to my brother, informing him of my intention. I will not pain you by a relation of Susan's follies. I do not wish to give a harsher name to them.

She turns every thing into ridicule that is serious, and declares Adela deserves her fate, if she could sit still in a post chaise, in a christian country, and let herself be carried off. She should not wonder, if Robert had been of the party, to hear that he had been run away with : and, that she is ashamed to see the dignity of man degraded by so much whining. The most foolish woman could do no more than tear her hair and rave and rant.

How little do we know what will constitute our enjoyments? I had promised



mised myself much entertainment in this change of scene ; instead of which, I have met with a succession of disagreeable events ; and I shall be truly happy to find my carriage entering the gate of the little shrubbery at the lodge. My brother has offended Susan past forgiveness, having written her a very severe letter. This she imputes to the Count's having been informing him of her behaviour with the country gentlemen she saw at the meeting : an account of which I gave you before.

The cottage where our friends resided presents a most melancholy prospect. I am truly sorry for the misfortunes of the Count de Montfort. He is unable to struggle with this last stroke of fate. He was strongly attached to his sister, and she was truly deserving of such a brother. It is most wonderful ! who could form the diabolical design of  
carry-

carrying off Adela. I at first was inclined to suspect the Duke de B\*\*\*, who was her lover. Not that I ever thought he would act towards her unworthily of himself or his general character; but, that by this step he might lead her into a secret marriage: Or, that his mother, hearing what had happened, would consent to their union. Now I am convinced he knew no more than I of this transaction; and I am again at a loss. Time may unravel this, as it has done other mysteries.

Direct your next letter to the lodge, from which I shall not stir until you return. Think often of me, and believe me, when I say, that my chief pleasure is in contemplating the time when it may be possible for you to quit the army with honour to yourself, and complete the felicity of your affectionate wife,

SABINA SOMMERVILLE.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*.

I AM too well convinced of your friendship, not to believe that you will be glad to see that I am able to write, though not without a considerable effort.

How much am I indebted to the attention of Lady Sabina, and Lady Julia Spencer? Had I been their brother, it would have been impossible for them to have exerted themselves more in procuring every assistance during the time that I have been here. I have made an attempt, though I must acknowledge it to have been a feeble one, to return to the cottage. Lady Julia is affected  
equally

equally with myself—she joins her tears with mine to lament the irreparable loss. Grief has entirely subdued the natural gaiety of her disposition ; though she is at this moment the most interesting and lovely object my eyes ever contemplated. Lady Susan has behaved in so haughty, and in so unfeeling a manner, that I think of her without the least tincture of my former sentiments. Wounded pride first taught my heart something like apathy ; and her late conduct has so disgusted me, that I now wonder why I had been fascinated even for a moment.

Lady Julia loved my Adela with a sisterly affection : inasmuch, that on my entering the room suddenly at my return from the dreadful search, she dropped lifeless on the floor, and was some time before they could restore her. She is possessed of a mind highly cultivated,



tivated, and a form the most finished I ever beheld, except one, which we must never look upon again.

That there is no means of tracing the plot by which we were deprived of my beloved sister, distracts me. Who could be so inhuman? For what purpose did they carry her away? I would freely give my life to know, as the uncertainty will embitter all my future days.

What must she have suffered! I cannot think of this and retain my reason—You, I hope, are more composed. Have you written the dreadful news to your mother? How will this affect the Duchess! I know the goodness of her heart, and also her affection for Adela.

Since you can never be united to her whose affections were devoted to you,  
attend

attend to the wishes of the Duchess, and at least contribute to her happiness by an union with your cousin, when time shall have softened your present sorrow. Your future fortune, my dear Henrique, ought not to be indifferent to you. Those possessions we have left, will, I greatly fear, never be restored. Do not rashly determine. I know you will reprobate me for the suggestion that you can ever be united to Lady Theresa—I do not know the Lady, therefore only speak as I think for your future interest.

I cannot write a long letter at present.

Your's,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

## THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

IT is certainly a painful task, and in general, a fruitless one, to attempt at convincing any of your sex that they are acting in an improper manner. Yet, when I reflect, that you are a part of my family, whose females have been esteemed the ornament of their sex, I am induced once more to remonstrate against that extravagance of behaviour that has frequently called a blush into the cheek of my revered mother, whilst living; and since, has been the means of much uneasiness to each of my other sisters. Believe me, masculine manners are not culculated

to

to attract our sex; which, I cannot but think, after all your declarations, is your intention. The manner with which you have treated my friend the Count is unworthy the most contemptible coquette, much more of a descendant of the house of Aldborough. Your present conduct will render you contemptible; and, by the time that you have fully completed your declaration of rights, you will be driven from society. And, when women shun you, the men will not court your company as you will be thought an invader of their rights, and they will never admit, as a superior, her whom they do not allow to be their equal. We all bow to your sway when you fix your empire in our hearts by the irresistible charm of modesty. But when you take us by storm, we refuse to masculine manners what we voluntarily offer to feminine softness. 'Tis singularity you aim at,



and that affection, of all others, is most pernicious and dangerous to women. What man of sense will trust his daughter in your company? Your rights are established and fully asserted to when you properly perform the respective duties of a wife and mother; when your husband looks to you as the sharer either of his joys or sorrows, and sees with pleasure the mother's virtues reflected in his children. Perhaps you will think that I am presuming, and take more authority than you are willing to allow. Be it so; I am content to abide your anger, rather than to let your follies pass without censure. No person but such as has an affection for you, and mine, I think, you cannot doubt, would take the trouble to warn you of improprieties, the timely correction of which, may be greatly conducive to your future happiness. If, on the contrary, you persist in them, they will  
be

be productive of much misery to yourself, and severe mortification and sorrow to those friends who must ever take an interest in you; amongst which, I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate brother,

LANDSFORD.

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THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*

TO  
ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I AM doomed to misery for life: misfortune pursues me with its utmost rigour. As soon as I was able, after my return, I went to wait on my aunt, who received me with great kindness; at which, considering my abrupt departure from hence, I was rather surprized. Lady

Theresa wept at the recital of the story of my dear, my beloved Adela. She certainly appeared in a much better light than I had ever before observed her. My aunt, on my rising to take leave, desired, that I would give her half an hour's conversation in her dressing-room. When I was seated there, she again renewed the subject of my rejection of her niece; and said, that Lady Theresa had conceived a very strong attachment for me, and that she had not yet delivered my sentiments to her Ladyship, fearing that her health might suffer from this disappointment of her heart. She then talked in the same strain in which your last letter was written, and produced a second letter from my mother, in which she entreats my aunt no longer to attempt laying a restraint on my inclinations; that she has been used to reconcile herself to poverty for a considerable length of time, and is now come to a resolution

to write to her brother, and solicit from his charity what may be sufficient to place herself in some religious house in Spain; and there to pass the remainder of her days; that she could bear want, but not to be the means of my passing a life of wretchedness on her account—After a pause of some moments, my aunt asked me if I could doom my parent to a kind of living death? To ask charity of the very man I had affronted by the rejection of his daughter and a princely fortune? In short, she urged every argument it was possible to suggest, where none was necessary. My mother must not be degraded. Misery was my lot, and in what manner I was to suffer was totally indifferent to me. I made one effort: it was a violent struggle. I then desired, that my aunt would save my mother, and do as she pleased with me. I begged her to excuse me from remaining longer at that time with her. I left the house in-



stantly, and have never been out of my own since. Let me, Robert, secure independence to my mother. This I will do in absolute despair, then sink to the grave, and there rejoin my Adela.

My thoughts are distracted. I cannot connect them sufficiently to write any more.

Your's,

DE B\*\*\*

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

to

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

IN every particular where the honor of the family of Aldborough is concerned, I am as anxious to preserve its purity and propriety as your Lordship, its first representative.

If

If my taking the liberty to think for myself has ever, called a blush into the cheek of my mother, I can only say, it must have been occasioned by the absurd prejudice of a confined education of which even her good sense could not get the better. For my sisters, if they are at all disturbed by my present mode of life, I am very sorry; it is in their own power to remove themselves when ever my society is disagreeable.

Affure yourself that I am not at the least trouble, as you suppose, to set *men-traps*. They are composed of too trifling and insignificant materials to employ a single moment of my time, except to mark and blush at their absurdities. Even the sublimity of your Lordship's wisdom has often caused me to smile. Perhaps I again may have a similar occasion. You blame me for not behaving properly to the Count, your friend. I

did so, until he compelled me to treat him as he deserved. No man shall assert a right to controul my actions: they shall be free as my thoughts.

My rights, as you call them, are already established. To be shunned by women, I shall consider as my highest praise, until they make something of more importance their study than *man*; who, you say, will never admit me as a superior, whom they do not allow to be their equal. With most of the sex I should myself hardly acknowledge an equality.

I am extremely obliged to your brotherly love for this epistle, and hope it may be the last that shall pass betwixt us on the present subject.

SUSAN SPENCER.

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

COULD you believe it possible?  
Adela dead only fix short weeks, and  
Henrique preparing to receive the hand  
of another?—Detested thought!—But  
it is so—I am most wretched. Nothing  
can relieve me. Death, thou best friend,  
why lay thy iron grasp on the happy  
when I court thee as my only relief?

What can I do? My aunt is most ur-  
gent for my union with my cousin, who  
wishes to return to Spain, having got  
letters which inform her of the very  
precarious state of her father's health.—  
All places are alike to me; Spain, France,  
England—Next Thursday, Robert, will  
ratify the bargain, and confirm Don



Guzman's hopes. My mother's distresses will be relieved—mine never can—If I could banish thought I were most happy. But this will not be. We must never meet again, Robert, never! And can I write thus to my brother, my friend, my second self. Shall I not be perjured! Have I not sworn never to wed, except my Adela. Dear faint, look down and pity your wretched Henrique! Montfort, she loved my mother, would have sacrificed her own happiness for her peace. Then will she not forgive me for giving those vows to another; which, had she lived, I would have died rather than have broken. Write to me: say that you do not despise me so much as I do myself.

Your's,

DE B\*\*\*.

COLONEL SOMMERVILLE

TO

LADY SABINA SOMMERVILLE.

YOU spoke in your last of returning to the Lodge sooner than you at first intended. Let me beg that you will do so directly, for most fortunately my regiment is ordered home. We are to embark in about a week, and I hope that our meeting will not be attended with any disagreeable or melancholy circumstances, as was the case when last we met. You were too good to me, Sabina, but I am most grateful for those kind proofs of your affection. Landsford too demands my acknowledgments, and he shall have them for the delicate manner in which he restored your favourite Lodge to your possession.

F. 6

I wish

I wish every man in the kingdom who is addicted to the pernicious vice of gambling, had felt as severely for his folly, without really losing more than I did. No one can conceive my feelings when I entered the room, and saw you lying on the floor with the letter in your hand that revealed to you my imprudence. Had a pistol at the moment been at hand, such was the distraction of my mind, I really think I should have used it, and to one vile act have added another. Thanks to Providence, no such means was in my power; and, I trust, on no similar occasion shall I ever stand in need of a weapon for self-destruction.

Forgive me for writing on so disagreeable a subject, my Sabina.

The Lodge is now doubly dear to me, as it is an offering to friendship from  
Landsford,

Landsford, and also your's. I am glad to hear Julia is well, and I promise myself much pleasure in her society now she is emancipated from the nursery. She must guard her heart most carefully untill my return, as I shall introduce her to a young man who steals the hearts of every female I come near. His own, he tells me, is as yet quite free. He is a friend of Lord Landsford's, which I know, with Julia, is bespeaking a favourable reception. His name shall be a secret until I announce it at the Lodge, where I expect to be about the latter end of next week, or the beginning of the week after. I shall dispatch La Maire a day or two before me to prevent unnecessary expectation.

Landsford has written me that he is much in love with a divine French Countess; that he designs to offer his hand and fortune to her as soon as may be proper,



proper, as she is in her weeds for her first husband. Have you heard of this? Who is the Lady? Deserving I hope. Landsford's heart is the seat of every noble and manly virtue, and I should be truly grieved to see it cast away on an unworthy object. If you have not already heard, pray enquire particularly about her. Your brother has been too attentive to our happiness, for us to be indifferent about that of his.

Your affectionate

WILLIAM SOMMERVILLE.

ROBERT AND ADELA. 111

MR. HARROWBY

to

MR. HOARE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Black-Rock, near Dublin.

I HAVE delayed too long to give you an account of what passed after I declared the bad success of my mission to Lady Fitzarran—But I must first tell you that a letter, entirely such as Lady Fitzarran firmly expected, has been received from Lausanne; and the day after next is fixed for the ceremony. I promised, I believe, to give you an account of a serious conversation between her Ladyship and myself, that followed the very ludicrous one concerning Colonel Macudderick—But, on second thoughts, now that the matter to which it related is settled;

settled, I shall not commit it to paper, though it will never be defaced, as you may well suppose, from my remembrance. I will, therefore, hasten to my guests in the parlour.

Well, honey, said the Colonel, what cheer? I told him that my intercession had been wholly unsuccessful; and that I conceived the most friendly, as well as the honestest thing I could do, was to tell him so in the plainest and unequivocal terms, that he might not indulge hopes that must in the end be disappointed.—That Lady Fitzarran entertained the highest respect for both his personal merit, and the antiquity of his family, but must decline to accept the honour which was offered her.

The Colonel bursting into a fit of laughter, said that I must be a very young soldier to wonder that a garrison should

should refuse to surrender at the first summons.—It was not by parlies and trumpets, he said, that fortresses were to be taken, but by assault and battery; and, if these should fail, most places were to be reduced in the long-run by blockade. Filling then a large bumper, he drank Lady Fitzarran's health, and huzzaed three-times-three, forcing us all to follow his example.

There is no such thing in Ireland as a company of gentlemen, especially in cases of visiting at one another's houses, rising from table sober. I was in hopes that the crisis I wished for was drawing very nigh, for our gentlemen had not misemployed their time in my absence; but bumper being drank after bumper in vain, so well were they seasoned and inured to the great business of drinking, that I perceived at last, that the present campaign, though pretty hot, was not likely



likely to be a short one. I, therefore, ordered supper; and, by way of a respite, proposed that we should go to the drawing-room and take a hand at cards while the cloth should be laid, and other little et ceteras gone through.—With all my heart, said our guests with one voice—Every man his bird, said Mr. O'Burke, grasping his glass in his hand; and do you, Mr. O'Hara-baugh, take care of the ammunition, meaning the bottle.—I readily declared that there should be no want of ammunition; but—before I had time to proceed, Mr. O'Burke shook me heartily by the hand, said I was no *rap*, but a real O'Hara-baugh; and assured me, that the ancient family or tribe of the O'Hara-baugh, among many other good qualities, were renowned for deep drinking.

Being now at liberty to speak, without interruption, I observed to the Colonel,

lonel, that it was a thing perfectly unusual, and could not fail to appear strange, and even shocking to Lady Fitzarran, to see a number of gentlemen coming into her drawing room with glasses and bottles in their hands, as if the society of the ladies, joined with the amusement of card-playing, were not sufficient for their amusement: no, not for one hour. I therefore proposed that we should adjourn to the library till supper, and leave the ladies to their own meditations.—The Colonel hesitated a short time, and then said, “By my shoul, but this will not be very civil to the Ladies, nor very becoming the character of a lover of Lady Fitzarran’s, which I profess to be, and will tell the whole world so in his teeth.” Mr. O’Burke said there was no such thing as card-playing in the days of the Milesian Dynasty, when Ireland was in her glory, nor indeed before she was intralled and enslaved by England.

England.—He therefore proposed, that an apology should be sent on this ground.—“And tell the sweet Lady,” said the Colonel to me, “that it will not be long before we have the pleasure of meeting her again at table.”

Having escorted the gentlemen, with their bottles and glasses, to the library, I went with this message to Lady Fitzarran, and reported to her, at the same time, the ease with which Colonel Macudderick bore her refusal, and the hopes he still entertained of success through perseverance.—She was now a little uneasy, and began to deliberate whether she should appear at supper or no.—But it was thought proper, on the whole, that she should, although she should retire in a few minutes after the cloth should be removed.

Nothing material happened during the course of supper.—It was astonishing

ing that the gentlemen could possibly do so much honour as they did to the taste of the house keeper.—The Ladies having retired, Colonel Macudderick filling a bumper, said, “Here is Lady Fitzarran’s health, and wishing her well married and soon.”—His toast we all drank very cheerfully.

Mr. Macudderick, the tacksmen, began now to be very loquacious and importunate with the Colonel, that, on his marriage with Lady Fitzarran, he should use his whole interest with the family to procure a renewal of his lease, and that even without the customary fine. After a very hearty supper, sleep began to steal fast upon our guests.—I rung for candles; and we all wished one-another good night, as I shall also wish you, for the present.

Your’s,

HARROWBY.



## FROM THE SAME

TO

## THE SAME.

LADY Fitzarran, pretending illness, did not come down next morning to breakfast—The Colonel expressed great grief at her indisposition, but hoped that he should have the pleasure of seeing her in good health and high spirits at dinner—I was very much distressed and chagrined at this, as I perceived that he was likely to continue his visit for some days, and even weeks perhaps, when he should find it necessary, according to his phraseology, to convert the siege he had begun into a blockade: then, indeed, there appeared to be some resemblance between our Irish visitor and the suitors of Penelope in Homer—It was impossible, however, as this was only the second day of their

their visitation to express any dissatisfaction at the continuance of their kindness—I told them, that I should be very glad, and would venture to undertake for the Miss Fitzarrans to meet them again at dinner; but hoped they would be able to entertain themselves in the library, and by walking about in the fields or garden, or in shooting, assuring them, that there were very good fowling-pieces at their service, until the hour of five in the afternoon should come round—For me, I was sorry that urgent business called me to devote the whole of that forenoon to the examination of certain papers, relating to the affairs of my late pupil, which I was under the necessity of transmitting to a lawyer in the course of the ensuing day. They very readily excused me—The tacksmen took a fowling-piece in his hand, and strolled about the fields—Mr. O'Burke went to the library, where he might chance, he said, to find  
some

some old Irish manuscripts, or curious books about the antiquities of Ireland— As to the Colonel, he took a short turn in the garden, but soon returned, and lounged the whole day about the different offices, the stables, the laundry, the dairy, the farm-yard, the servants hall, &c. taking every opportunity of making friends, as he afterwards told us very frankly, with all the servants, giving them little testimonies of his bounty, hoping they would speak a good word for him, with the young Ladies, as well as with Lady Fitzarran, (for he made not the smallest secret of the errand on which he had come) assuring them, that when he should become their master, they would not have cause to repent the change that had happened in the family. — He wanted very much to have an interview with Lady Fitzarran's maid; but this he was not able to accomplish— She had orders not to stir from her  
Lady's

Lady's apartments. It was the glory of the Irish nation, the Colonel said, to have reduced the business of fortune-hunting, as nearly as human frailty would admit, to a science; and that, as he had always heard from his brother officers, and all Irish fortune-hunters, or men of gallantry, with one consenting voice, it was good policy to insinuate one's self into the favor, not only of the servants of all descriptions, and every human creature, even beggars and gypsies that come about great families, but even with parrots, cats, and dogs, and other brute creatures. —All this he told us, without the least reserve, after dinner, not doubting in the least, but I, as well as Mr. O'Burke and Mr. Macudderick the tacksmen, was sincerely interested in the success of his suit, and curious to know the progress he was making in it.



As Lady Fitzarran did not appear at dinner any more than at breakfast, and the young Ladies retired immediately after dinner, the Colonel might easily have perceived that his company was rather shunned by the female part of the Fitzarran family — But such an idea never entered into his head; although it was not pretended in answer to his inquiries concerning Lady Fitzarran's health, that any thing very serious was the matter.—A slight cold, or some such cause was all that was alledged—The Colonel said, that the dear sweet creature would grow mopish and melancholy if she were permitted to remain in her chamber alone—If therefore her cold would not admit of her coming down stairs, he proposed that we should go up and drink our wine, or at least sup altogether in her apartment—This practice he assured us was very common in France in the splendid times of monarchy, when she

she justly claimed and enjoyed the privilege of giving law in matters of fashion, custom, dress, manners, taste, &c. to all Europe—Both O'Burke, and the tacksmen agreed with me, that no such thing could be done in Ireland.—The same round of drinking, eating, drinking again, and falling asleep, that had taken place in the preceding evening was repeated on this—The morning returned—None of the Ladies appeared at breakfast—The Colonel did not fail to enquire after their health—I could not tell, but would call in her maid to the breakfasting parlour, who would let us know—The young woman did so; and, on being asked, how all the Ladies did, she answered, agreeably to instructions she had received, that they were all pretty well—The devil they are! said the Colonel; and why but they will come down stairs? O! for that matter, said the girl, they sometimes take an humour of staying in their own

apartments, and reading novels and other books for whole weeks together.—I wish to speak a word with you, my jewel, said the Colonel; and, whispering to her a word or two that I did not here, slipped into her hand half-a-guinea—On the strength of this, he again invited himself and companions to dinner, when he trusted he should have the pleasure of seeing both Lady Fitzarran, and the lovely angels, her daughters.—I told him that I was obliged to go to Dublin, but would be back to dinner, if possible—that, if I should not, the rector of the parish, and a few other friends, would endeavour to entertain him and his company at dinner—I hope, said the Colonel, without any disparagement to the gentlemen, to have more agreeable entertainers! meaning Lady, and the Miss Fitzarrans.

I did

I did not come home from Dublin till it was late — The blessed crisis of sleep had by this time followed the usual excesses, and my guests had all gone to bed, except the parson, whom I found in the steward's room smoaking a pipe of tobacco — He reported a great many ludicrous and extravagant sallies of the Colonel's; and, among other particulars, that he had discovered from some of the servants, that their Lady had, beyond all doubt, a partiality for your humble servant, and that this was the real cause why she avoided to give him any opportunity of declaring himself to her in person — The Colonel was not in the least chagrined or offended at this intelligence, but asked the clergyman, who is domesticated as it were in this family, and though he be commonly called the priest of Bacchus, from his fondness of claret, is a very worthy as well as intelligent man, whether he believed it to



be true : to which my friend, without hesitation, answered in the affirmative.

The Colonel was now anxious only to defend his own military reputation, as it were, in conducting the siege he had undertaken—The siege, he said, had been commenced in due form, by the sending of a trumpet to the governor, and that he was carrying on his parallels with great vigour, when, all of a sudden, in the dead of the night, the enemy, justly dreading the skill and valour of the assailants, had evacuated the fort.

But the Colonel's disappointment, was not borne with such equanimity by poor Phelim Macudderick, Esquire, the tacksmen, who being more than half seas-over, set up a most dolorous Irish howl, and bewailed, what he called the loss of his interest in the Fitzarran family, with tears and loud lamentations—

The

The Colonel bad him to be comforted, assuring him that he would recommend him to Mr. O'Hara-baugh his *successor*, who seemed to be a good soul ; and, he doubted not, would procure the renewal of his lease on reasonable terms.—Mr. O'Burke told a number of stories of courtship, some of them successful contrarily to expectation, and others of them, that against all appearance of probability, had taken place, in former times, in the families of the ancient chieftains of Ireland.

I was met in the morning by Colonel Macudderick, with a pleasing countenance and a hearty shake of the hand—My dear, said he, I give you joy of your prospects, but you had stolen several marches on me, all very fair in war ! otherwise, had we started on the same ground, I might have come in at the death as soon as you—I have only

two favours to ask of you—And the two favours are these : first, that I may be invited to be present and to dance at your wedding – secondly, that you will speak a good word to Lord Fitzarran for poor old Phelim Macudderick. As to this last request I readily assured him that I would be a friend, as far as my influence might go, to Phelim Macudderick : for the other request, I was abundantly sensible of the kindness, and the honor he offered ; but it was a subject on which it was not for me to enter, and, that I hoped he would excuse me. We all parted very good friends, with many assurances, on both sides, that we should not be within twenty miles without seeing one another. I hope to see you, in the course of eight days in Welbeck-street ; I ever am, and shall be, most faithfully and affectionately,

Your's,

JAMES HARROWBY.

## THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I HOPE that you have not accused me of a breach of friendship. You need not, for most truly have I sympathized with your sorrow; I have been in a state bordering on distraction myself—The lovely Jacqueline has nearly fallen a victim to excessive grief for the loss of her first and earliest friend. For many days her life was despaired of; but Heaven be praised she is now out of danger. She sent a request to me, yesterday, that I would immediately write to you, and earnestly entreat your removal to town. You ought not to stay in a place that must hourly remind you of your beloved sister. Come, my

G 5

friend,



friend, come to me. I will, if possible, endeavour to raise your drooping spirits. Mine were, before this melancholy accident, very high; for I had taken an opportunity, in the absence of the Countess, to mention the impression her charms had made on my heart, to her aunt Mrs. Mortimer, who assured me, that it would greatly contribute to her happiness should a union take place in due time betwixt the Countess and myself; and that all her good offices to forward this event should not be wanting. Since this time, until Jacqueline received the news of your sister's death, which I most sincerely lament, though she was unknown to me, I thought, as I hoped, that I was not quite indifferent to her.

I am promised, by Mrs. Mortimer, to see the lovely Countess in a few days: but she warns me not to be frightened,

as

as sickness has altered her greatly. It is not in sickness; nay, not in death itself to remove her lovely image from my heart. I ought to be jealous of you, when the first message that I received from the lovely Jacqueline was to entreat that you would come to town. But I know too well the regard which she entertains for you, to misconstrue her friendship into any indelicate meaning.

You have a second time escaped the chains of tyranny, and I congratulate you on having done so. It is very true that my sister Susan has sense; but she so basely perverts it, that I think it were well that she had been born an idiot. I have written her my last letter on the subject, and had an answer such as I expected. I shall now leave her follies, in due time, to recoil upon herself. I have letters from Sabina and

Julia, saying, that I may expect them at the Lodge in a very few days. Sabina has desired me, in her name, to request that the Countess will spend a few weeks at the Lodge with her, as change of air may contribute towards the restoration of her health. This commission I shall gladly execute, to which, if she accedes, Sabina and Julia will make town in their way home, and take Jacqueline with them. I need not say, if this takes place, I shall soon return to Oakstock; and that your company there will be a great addition to my happiness. Indeed you shall not remain in Wales; I will come down myself rather than allow you to become a misanthrope.

Besides, there is another motive to bring you hither. De B\*\*\* is ill, and looks even worse than he will own he is. In short, he is the picture of despair; I cannot get him out of his house. He  
told

told me yesterday, that his doom was fixed, that he had determined to make one sacrifice to parental affection; and that he had determined to receive the hand of Lady Theresa next Thursday. That the reason of this precipitancy was, that his aunt wished the ceremony to take place, as her brother was dangerously ill in Spain, and that Lady Theresa had determined to return thither directly; and, as he had some doubts whether, if it were longer delayed, he might not waver. He had agreed to that day, after which he should be indifferent to each succeeding one. Of what a mind must Lady Theresa be possessed? For I cannot believe but she knows that his heart was fondly devoted to another. She must have a very violent *penchant* for the Duke to surmount all obstacles, and wed in spite of affection. She has learnt an old English proverb, "Marry first, and love will come  
"after."



“after.” I should wish for a dawn of hope previous to the marriage ceremony. I must own, I have promised to attend the Duke on this occasion. It cannot be a happy marriage. I wish that he would depute me to speak to the fair one, and lay the state of his heart before her. This office I could not execute to a woman of feeling; but to her it would be attended with little embarrassment on my part: and, I am persuaded, from the tenor of her conduct hitherto, that it would be received with as little emotion on her’s; except, perhaps, reproaches on the Duke for not loving her. However, this, he says, must not be. It is for his mother he feels, and that she shall be sensible to what extent he carries his filial affection. Can it be possible that to render her son wretched for the remainder of his days, can establish her happiness? It is impossible that it can be so. The general character of the Duchess is against this.

Write

Write to me, and say that you are preparing to leave your cottage, and join me either in town or at Oakstock. Do not delay this, by a supposition that you will hear any thing of the dreadful conspiracy that has destroyed all our happiness. The villains received the reward of their crimes, as their employers, if they were not the principals themselves, also will in due time. Leave vengeance to Heaven! though slow, it is always sure.

Your's,

LANDSFORD.

THE DUCHESS DE B\*\*\*

TO

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*.

WHY is it, my son, that you observe this long silence? Why do you withhold your correspondence from me? Does your cousin take up all your attention? I own that she is deserving of it. I heard from my sister a few days ago. She then surprized me with the news of the day being fixed for your nuptials. This being determined on so suddenly, is occasioned by the illness of my brother. You would do well to repair to Madrid as soon as possible; at which place I shall hope to meet my dear Henrique and his bride, and congratulate him upon again being in possession of a princely fortune. I cannot express the joy this sudden turn in your opinion has given

given to your mother, who felt herself under much uneasiness whilst opposing your former sentiments. I would instantly come to England to be present at your marriage, but that I think it most proper to repair to Madrid, and be the messenger of the joyful news to my brother. It may be the means of raising his spirits. I may now tell you, that I had written to my brother, informing him of your unfortunate attachment; and that, since it was so, I should no longer oppose your happiness, but yield to that, though it might destroy all the prospects I had once formed. He will be happy to see that the charms and virtues of his daughter have been able to recall and fix your affections. In short, I hope that you will find his health restored by the time I embrace my son and daughter at Madrid. I shall not write again until that period arrive, but anxiously wait the time.

Your happy and affectionate mother,

ROSA DE B\*\*\*.



LADY JULIA SPENCER

TO

MISS EMMA FITZARRAN.

YOU are a very good, and a very regular correspondent. I am rejoiced to hear that my letter and yourself were crossing the seas at the same time, and thank you for your attention in writing.

Both my sister Sabina and myself were happy to hear that Lady Fitzarran had made so good, and so unexceptionable a choice as Mr. Harrowby. I well remember hearing our revered mother express this sentiment when she was informed of her Ladyship's attachment to so virtuous and so amiable a character. Her Ladyship's choice does her honour; it is made on principles tried and approved. For the propriety and justness

of

of Lord Fitzarran's sentiments on this occasion, she is indebted to the man in whose favour they are expressed. His mind has been formed on the noblest model. He has been taught to reverence virtues in a peasant, and to reprobate vice even in his prince. Sabina is greatly pleased with the letter you mention his Lordship's having written to Mr. Harrowby, desiring leave to address him by the name of Father, though it may be by anticipation, and assuring him that no act of her Ladyship's ever gave him more real satisfaction.

My sister Susan is grown really ill-natured. She absolutely quarrelled with us this morning at breakfast, because the Count de Montfort had last night chosen to remove to his own cottage. Certainly this could not disturb her; for whilst he was here she hardly ever saw him. She says, that we have driven every

every one from her house. She has done so herself by her absurdities, and is now angry with Sabina, who intends going to town in a few days, in order to meet Colonel Sommerville. I shall accompany her: therefore it is probable, that we may meet once more.

The Count recovers very slowly. He received a letter yesterday from London, on reading which he could not refrain from tears even before us. He apologized for the weakness of his spirits, and went into the garden, where I observed him reading it, and walking about in great agitation. In about an hour he came in, and said, that he had come to the determination of going to the cottage that evening. That he had put this off until it was become absolutely necessary that he should go thither. I very foolishly burst into tears, at which Sabina was displeased; but the idea of his going

ing alone to the house that must put him so much in mind of Adela, rushed at once upon my fancy, and caused an agitation that it was impossible for me to restrain. Susan was gone out on horseback. Sabina then proposed sending a servant to the cottage to tell the servant that the Count intended drinking tea there. She then proposed, that we should accompany him. This offer he gladly embraced, and gave Sabina a thousand thanks for her kind attentions during his affliction. He also came up to me, and attempted at something like an acknowledgment: but his words died on his tongue, and I was obliged hastily to quit the room, fearing to incur the displeasure of my sister.

It is impossible to describe the sensations felt by us all, when the carriage stopped at the little gate of the cottage. That gate I had so often entered with gaiety  
had



had now a quite different effect. On our alighting, the Count desired we would enter the cottage; saying, that he would just walk round the garden and follow us. On our opening the parlour-door Adela's little favourite spaniel ran to welcome his master. I sent the servant to take it up, and desired that it might be put into our carriage. She said the sight of the little animal had greatly affected the Count. He came in and seemed more composed. We made an attempt to take tea, and to enter into conversation, but it was impossible. We took our leave, and returned most melancholy home. My sister sent this morning to enquire after the Count. The servant brought word that he was better than he himself could have expected. But the woman, who is the servant, told truly, that her master had gone to his own chamber when we left him, and that she had heard him walking about most of the night.

I wish

I wish we had never come into Wales. Nothing but vexation and uneasiness has attended us. I am almost afraid to think of the journey back, fearing lest some accident may befall us. I wish the Count could be prevailed on to be of our party. But I must not hint at my wishes.

Susan has been to the cottage this morning. The Count did not see her. This has displeased her, and she thinks he is offended at her.

We are going to-morrow to Tregony to pay our last visit. This family is the only thing I can reflect upon with satisfaction. They have taken great pains to unravel the mystery that has deprived us of our Adela. Sir Edward has offered a great reward in all the country papers for the discovery of the wretches, or any of their accomplices, but to no effect.

effect. Do not write again as I shall be in town before your letter can arrive here; where I hope to meet you well, and in better spirits than

JULIA SPENCER.

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THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*

TO

LADY THERESA GUZMAN.

I MUST entreat your Ladyship to forgive my abrupt departure from town. Business of the most urgent nature demands my immediate attention. As soon as I can I will return. In the mean time, I subscribe myself

Your Ladyship's devoted servant,

DE B\*\*\*.

DONNA ISABELLA ALVIEDO

TO

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*.

DEAR NEPHEW,

YOUR letter has caused great uneasiness to Lady Theresa and myself, infomuch that my niece cannot answer it. No accident has happened to my sister, I hope? Something it must be of moment, I am persuaded, that can make you forget the sacred engagement into which you were to enter to-morrow. Give me a line explaining the nature of the business, and we shall be relieved from much uneasiness. Anxiously expecting your return,

I remain your affectionate aunt,

ISABELLA ALVIEDO.



146 ROBERT AND ADELA.

LADY JULIA SPENCER

TO

THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN.

TO-MORROW morning we bid adieu to Wales, and set out on our return to London. I am very happy the time is so near; now that we have prevailed on the Count de Montfort to accompany us on our journey. He intends to spend a few weeks with my brother at Oakstock, and then return to his cottage. It would have been a melancholy idea to have left him in solitude, a prey to grief. He never ceases to mourn the loss of our amiable friend. He says, that society is grown irksome to him; and, that he trusts, after finding he is a bar to our happiness, that we shall let him steal back and sink into obscurity.

Sabina

Sabina desires me to congratulate your Ladyship on your returning health, and to say, that she expects you will have the goodness to return with us to the Lodge, where she hopes to restore your spirits.

Susan will not be prevailed on to quit this place. She says, that she shall not return until winter, and then the intermediate space she can fill as pleases herself; and, that being alone, she may perhaps escape censure. I do believe she was a little mortified this afternoon, when the Count informed her that he had come purposely to pay his respects to herself, and to express how grateful he was for the favours shewn him by her Ladyship during the time of his affliction. Bless me! Count, she replied, why this formality now? Surely you would have had time enough after the departure of my sisters to have made your acknow-

ledgments, if you thought this at all necessary. He replied, that Lady Sabina's request, together with a letter which he had received from Lord Landsford, had prevailed on him to emerge from solitude for a few weeks, and that he proposed to attend us in the morning. Very well, replied she, then I am to be left here alone. Were my sisters afraid that the hobgoblins would devour you when they were gone? She was quite out of humour all the rest of the evening. She asked Sabina if she thought it altogether so prudent to be courting the Count de Montfort to travel with us, considering I was of the party? That the Frenchman's heart, she said, was composed of very transferable materials, and he might have a *penchant* for the whole family by turns. Indeed, volatility was a striking trait in the character of the nation to which he had the honour to belong. She ran on for more than an hour

hour in this strain, and then made us a most formal courtesy, wishing us a most agreeable journey, saying, that we would set out some hours before she should rise, and left the room.

I am writing this before I retire to rest, fearing, if I let this post pass, I may arrive before my letter. I am most impatient to see you, and promise myself much happiness in your offered friendship, which I most gratefully accept.

Here I sit surrounded by trunks and band-boxes, in all the confusion of the night before a journey. My maid warns me that it is past twelve o'clock, and we intend to be in the carriage before seven in the morning. Therefore adieu for the present.

JULIA SPENCER.



FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

I AM sure you do not expect to hear from me upon the road, but before you read the whole of this letter I expect your thanks.

On the evening of the second day after we left Wales, we had just alighted at an inn (my sister and I were going up stairs to see what rooms were designed for us) when Philip ran hastily after my sister, and said, my Lady, I have just seen the foreign gentleman cross the yard, that the Count had so many words with, when we were in search of poor Madame his sister. Shall I go and inform the Count? My sister replied, that it would be

be best to wait until she came down, and desired him to see if the gentleman was alone, or whether he intended to stay the night where he was; and, when he had gained the information he wanted, to come and let us know. Poor Philip said, he was afraid that if the Count and he met they might quarrel again. This we assured him was not possible, as it was the Duke de B\*\*\*, the most intimate friend of the Count. He then went down, and returned very soon, saying, that the gentleman would be gone in ten minutes, for he was standing in the yard, and helping the post-boys to harness the horses. We instantly ordered Philip to inform him, that the Count de Montfort was in the house, and hastened ourselves to give the Count notice of the arrival of the Duke. Before we could utter a syllable, the Duke rushed into the room. The Count stood mute with astonishment. He ran up and embraced

the Count, but was himself unable to give utterance to his thoughts. At length, he cried "Adela! beloved Adela! adored Adela lives to bless us. By Heaven she does!"—And so indeed she does, my dear Countess; we shall see her again. I have been half frantic with joy ever since this charming Duke came, but I will relate what passed, and how this dear girl was restored to us; for, though I have not seen her, the certainty that she lives, makes her ever present to my imagination.

The declaration of the Duke brought us all round him in an instant. The poor Count's agitation I cannot describe. When he was able to speak, he said, my dear Henrique, take care, do not deceive me. Where can I fly to come at the certainty? Where is my sister? Speak, let me instantly depart. The Duke assured us again, that upon his honour she,

she was living; and you cannot think how the hand-writing of this lovely girl, which he held out to us, affected us. The Count burst into a violent flood of tears; he kissed the letter a thousand times; pressed it to his bosom, and declared, that the present was the happiest moment that he had ever experienced; though, at the same time, a painful one. Sabina took hold of the Duke by the hand, and insisted that he should compose himself; that she would order coffee, and that, whilst it was preparing, he should relate minutely every circumstance how he had become acquainted with Adela's being in existence.

He then began as follows: "Yesterday morning, about seven, my servant entered my room. This rather surprized me, as I always ring, and he has positive orders not to disturb me. Upon my enquiry why he came,



“ he replied, that a man was come ex-  
 “ press out of Devonshire; that he en-  
 “ quired for me, and asked if they could  
 “ tell if I was acquainted with a Lady  
 “ of the name of de Montfort. This  
 “ determined my servant to come di-  
 “ rectly up to me. I instantly ordered  
 “ the man up stairs. On his entrance,  
 “ I asked him if he knew any thing  
 “ that related to Madame de Montfort.  
 “ Why, yes, replied the fellow, I help-  
 “ ed to take her out of the boat. Alive !  
 “ my good fellow, speak instantly. Why  
 “ no, Sir, I can’t say that—but don’t  
 “ take on so; she’s alive now—But she  
 “ is main bad : though you had better  
 “ open them there letters, Sir, that lies  
 “ by your side, and you will be better  
 “ informed ; as my Lord’s steward told  
 “ me that he had written to you by my  
 “ Lord’s own orders. As soon as I was  
 “ able I opened the packet. The first let-  
 “ ter that presented itself to my view was  
 “ one

“ one directed to me by the hand of  
 “ Adela. I hardly durst open it. At  
 “ length, on my breaking the seal, I  
 “ found it to have been written previous-  
 “ ly to that dreadful day on which we  
 “ lost her. But the sentiments expressed  
 “ therein are most precious to me. I  
 “ then opened the other letter, which I  
 “ shall read to you. It is from the stew-  
 “ ard of Lord Mount-Garth. The  
 “ very Nobleman, Robert, of whom  
 “ you wrote me the whimsical account.”

“ SIR,

IF you are acquainted with the fa-  
 mily or friends of the Lady who ad-  
 dresses this letter to you, as you certainly  
 must be, if the direction is proper, be-  
 pleased to inform them, that she was  
 taken up at sea by the crew of a trading  
 vessel bound to this coast. My Lord sup-  
 poses that she might be coming over

H 6
from.

from France to this country when the ship was lost in which she came, it being very stormy weather for a day or two before.

“ She was carried to the house of a farmer, and one of his Lordship’s tenants, who instantly came here to ask what was best to be done ; the Lady having uttered some words in a foreign language. His Lordship was informed of this by his house-keeper, he himself never seeing any company. His Lordship desired her to go to the house of the farmer, and if it was possible to bring the Lady hither, as his Lordship knew, by the papers found in her pocket, that she was a person of distinction. Mrs. Williamson accordingly took the carriage, but the Lady could not then be removed, being quite exhausted and almost senseless. His Lordship sent the best assistance possible, and yesterday had the Lady removed

moved hither; she is much recovered, but her senses are so much unsettled that we cannot understand more than the paper inform us. Be assured, Sir, that every attention has been and will be paid to this unhappy Lady. We hope, that on your informing her friends, should she be so fortunate as to have any in England, they will, by their presence, calm her mind, and bring her to a more settled state. She often calls on her brother, by the name of Robert de Montfort.

“ My Lord begs, Sir, that you will be pleased to give him a particular account of the family of this Lady. Not as a matter of curiosity he asks for this information, but as he is particularly interested.

“ Should you wish for any farther account, the person who brings this, and  
is



is son to the farmer, whose house lies near the water-side, where the young Lady was put on shore, can give you a more particular detail than this letter will admit of. We have no doubt, but a short time will restore her to her health and her reason, which has been shaken by the dreadful situation from which she was most providentially rescued.

“ You will be pleased to direct any person who comes here, to enquire for Mrs. Williamson, who will shew them every attention, and procure all accommodation that this place affords.

I am,

my Lord Duke,

Your Lordship's

most obedient

humble servant,

JOHN STEPHENSON.”

The Duke said, that this letter satisfied him, and afterward he enquired more minutely of the young man who brought the letters. His joy was so great that the young man went out to call his servant, fearing to remain alone in the room with him.

The Count would not stay to hear the Duke relate any more, but ordered horses to be put to a chaise; being determined, late as it then was, to proceed to Arabia, the name of Lord Mount-Garth's estate. The singularity of this worthy Nobleman's character I will entertain you with on some future day.

The Duke de B\*\*\* earnestly entreated to accompany the Count, but he would not hear of it, reminding him of the situation that he then stood in with regard to his cousin; on which the Duke cursed himself for his precipitancy, tore  
his

his hair, and acted a thousand extravagancies; but all entreaties were in vain. The Count said, that he now hoped to execute vengeance on those who had reduced his sister to this dreadful state; should he be able to restore her senses. The Duke's going with him, he said, might be known to his destined bride; he therefore must insist on going, accompanied by the young man whom the Duke had brought with him for the purpose.

My sister reconciled the Duke to the propriety of this measure, and he is to take the Count's place in our carriage, and return to town with us. The Count set off about an hour ago. I need not say how much I wished to have accompanied him, and to have contributed all in my power towards restoring our beloved friend. We shall hear from Devonshire as soon as the Count has seen his sister.

We

We are all anxiety until that time. Sabina would have gone directly thither, but that Colonel Sommerville is expected in town on Friday next. After his arrival, and we have news that Adela is better, as we hope we shall have, Sabina proposes to go and fetch her to the Lodge. What a happy party shall we then make? The thought quite delights me. In the midst of joy the Duke is still miserable. He is now under engagements that cannot be broken with honour: nothing, he declares, but the certainty of Adela's death could ever have made him think for a moment of uniting himself to this detestable cousin of his. I must be allowed to call her so when she steps in and renders two amiable and deserving people miserable, that might, but for her, be most happy. I can see in idea, how delighted you are to hear that you shall again embrace your friend. Remember  
how



how many thanks are due to me for this joyful news.

Your's,

JULIA SPENCER.

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ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*.

MY dear Henrique, I have seen, I have embraced my sister. I could hardly believe that she was living until I arrived here. Even after the letters which you had shewn me I was in doubt.

But, Oh! my friend, how altered is she! I arrived here late last night, and was received by Mrs. Williamson, Lord Mount-

Mount-Garth's housekeeper, with much politeness and hospitality. To my enquiries about my sister, she replied, that within the last eight or nine hours she had shewn some signs of recollection, which had made them all, she was pleased to say, very happy. I requested to be brought into her chamber. Mrs. Williamson said, that she would go and mention my name to the nurse, who was sitting by Adela, and see if she appeared to attend. If she did, that she would tell her that I was expected in the morning; but, that if she took no notice, it would be best to wait until the morning when the physician should arrive.

She returned, after staying near a quarter of an hour, during which time I was in dreadful suspense. She had repeated my name frequently to the nurse. The last time she did so, she called me her brother. I then begged Mrs. Williamson

Williamson to conduct me to the dear girl. She did so. She was sitting with her back to the door as it opened. I stood with it in my hand whilst Mrs. Williamson said, a gentleman is come to see Mademoiselle de Montfort. She directly turned her head, and I rushed into her arms. She gave a violent scream. It vibrates in my ear at this moment. She grasped my hand so fast that I could not get it disengaged for some moments. When the poor sufferer opened her eyes she fixed them on me, and uttered the most piteous sighs. At length a flood of tears succeeded: on her recovery from which, she called me her dear brother, and prayed me not to leave her again: no, not for a moment. She became unsettled again soon after. Mrs. Williamson left me to acquaint Lord Mount-Garth of the success we had in bringing Adela to recollect me. She returned soon with  
his

his Lordship's compliments, that he would thank me to write down a short account of my family, and in what province in France our estates lay, whenever I found leisure; as he would be greatly interested should they be found to lie in Provence, and my grandfather's name be Reginald. I returned for answer, that I would satisfy his Lordship early the next morning of every particular that related to my ancestors that I could recollect. In the mean time I begged to inform him, that it was in Provence our principal estate lay, and that Reginald was the name of my grandfather. Mrs. Williamson returned again, saying, that his Lordship was transported with joy; that she had never seen him so much pleased for many years; and that what was more extraordinary his Lordship had desired her to present his compliments, and that he would be glad to see, and to converse with me in the morning; and that he had ordered



ordered the best drawing-room to be prepared for our meeting. I do not know what all this means. I am quite indifferent about it, since I have found my Adela, who is in a fine sleep, which may assist in restoring her to my prayers. I shall dispatch this, and write again by the post to-morrow, when I may be able to send you still better news of my sister.

Your's,

R. DE MONTFORT.

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FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

I CAN now assure you, that there is every hope that Adela will be restored to health, though it may not be done so soon as we wish. She is much better—I have never seen her since the first night.

The physician was much displeased with my appearing so hastily before her; he thinks it has had a good effect, but that it was most probable that my precipitancy might have operated in a contrary way. She has asked to see me, but is satisfied by Mrs. Williamson's telling her that I am in the house, and that the physician thinks it best that we do not meet till to-morrow.

You are anxious to hear of my meeting with Lord Mount-Garth. I myself could not but wonder what had caused him to break through his rule, which he had kept so many years, of never seeing any one but John and his housekeeper.

About ten this morning a message was brought to me, that Lord Mount-Garth was waiting for me in the drawing-room, to which place I was shewn by Mrs. Williamson. On entering the room, I was surprized to find two men  
dressed

dressed exactly alike, and was a little  
 embarrassed which to address as his Lord-  
 ship; but was relieved by John, who  
 was his Lordship's companion, saying to  
 his Lordship, who stood by the fire, my  
 Lord, here is the Count de Montfort.  
 He turned round and made a bow, and  
 then desired me to be seated. I made  
 him many acknowledgments for his  
 goodness in taking my sister into his  
 house. I then related the manner in  
 which she had been carried away, which  
 roused his Lordship's indignation so much  
 that he turned round to John and said,  
 order a reward of five hundred pounds  
 to be offered for the discovery of the  
 offenders.

Count de Montfort, said he, the pa-  
 pers you were so good as to send to me  
 this morning, have convinced me that  
 you are a descendant from a female  
 branch of my family. As such, you are  
 my

my nearest relation, and I here declare you my heir at law. I sent for you to meet me here, that I might declare this to you in person. Had I died without seeing you, you would have found that I was not unacquainted with our relationship. I am better pleased as it is. You shall be put in possession as soon as possible of my other estates. This I reserve for myself, and my friend John, should he survive me, must remain here unmolested during his life. Then 'tis your's. Here he paused, but I was dumb from astonishment. He reassumed his discourse—I see your surprize, young man, and am better pleased with your silence than any thing you could have said. All farther intercourse betwixt us must be by letter, as I am determined never to deviate from my present mode of life. I shall prescribe no rules to you, endeavour to render your fellow creatures happy; and, by so doing, live an honor to that rank in

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which the goodness of Providence has placed you. For your sister I shall also provide. I am glad to hear that she is likely to recover. He then arose, took me by the hand, which he shook cordially, and bid me not trouble myself with acknowledgments, and quitted the room, whilst I stood in doubt, whether all this was not a dream.

Can it be possible, that I, an exile, am at once the acknowledged heir of a Nobleman of twenty thousand pounds a year. The singularity of Lord Mount-Garth's conduct has often employed my thoughts since I first visited this place, and wrote you an account of it. I am now induced to think still more of the whimsicality of his actions. To pass his large possessions to a stranger, with whom he is totally unacquainted, by a conversation of hardly more than ten minutes continuation, is wonderful. It was the  
last

last time I was to be honoured by seeing his Lordship he told me; and during that interview, I had hardly time to say a word. Another subject of happiness has presented itself. This is the unexpected arrival of the Countess de Montmorin. I have not seen her; she came whilst I was with his Lordship, and went instantly to my sister's chamber. I am anxiously waiting her return. How good in her to hasten hither to her friend? I am glad that her health is sufficiently restored to allow of this journey.

Give me joy, Henrique! Adela knew her friend, and talked for some time in a collected manner. She asked for me, and also for you. I am to see her in an hour. I am too happy—I wish you were here to join in the general joy that prevails. Lord Mount-Garth has ordered his servants to look upon me as his heir, and they are rejoicing at this event, hop-  
 I 2 ing

ing for a little more liberty, as I am told. There remains now but two wishes of my heart ungratified, and neither of these dare I mention. Will you not say that I am an ungrateful wretch to express dissatisfaction in the moment that fortune is showering down blessings upon me? However, this is so, and I cannot help it.

Your's,

R. DE MONTFORT.

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THE COUNTESS OF MONTMORIN

TO

LADY JULIA SPENCER.

YOU said that you expected me to give you thanks for your last letter. Most truly do I give them to you. I cannot

cannot express the joy that your letter gave me. Lord Landsford was paying me a morning visit when the servant came in with the letter. He instantly recognized your hand-writing, and asked me what he should give me, by way of bribe, to allow him to read the letter first. I told him that I was sorry he thought me so venal, but that I would open it in his presence, and inform him of the health of his sister, which was all he could possibly be interested about in our correspondence. When I came to that part where you assure me that our Adela actually is alive, I gave a scream that frightened his Lordship, and brought Mrs. Mortimer into the room. The letter had dropped from my hand, so great was my agitation. Mrs. Mortimer caught hold of the paper, and ran her eye over the contents. I begged her to read the remainder, which she did, and relieved your brother; for he told me he expected



to hear of some accident having befallen you. He was equally happy with myself at the joyful news. I instantly determined on setting off for this place, and his Lordship has promised to solicit your's and Lady Sommerville's forgiveness for my not staying to welcome you to town.

It is time now to tell you that I arrived here yesterday morning, and was instantly shewn to the chamber of my dear Adela who was sleeping. I set by the side of the bed until she awoke; she fixed her eyes for more than a minute upon me. I waited to know if she recollected me—she did not speak. I said, Adela, don't you speak to your friend Jacqueline? She burst into tears, and held out her hand to me. She thanked me for coming to her, but bid me be careful that no one heard me, for that they had taken her brother from her. I  
assured

assured her, that this was not so, that she was amongst friends, and that I would instantly send for her brother. She said, presently, I shall be glad to see him, but don't let those frightful men come in with him : the sight of them will kill me. She remained silent for a little time, and then, as if recollecting herself, she said, forgive me, I forgot to enquire after Lady Julia—Oh, where is she! Did she escape, or did they murder her? I told her that you was well, but most anxious on her account. Does the Duke blame me, she asked? I told her that I had not seen him for some time; he had been in so great distress for her loss, that he saw no one.—Being afraid to exhaust her too much, I took my leave, promising to return in an hour with her brother. I went down stairs, and found that there were new wonders reserved for me.

Now comes my turn to relate news to you, and pay you my debt amply back again. I found the Count alone. He gave me a thousand thanks for following the dictates of friendship in coming hither, and then informed me that a relationship had been traced by Lord Mount-Garth betwixt the Montforts and his family; and, in short, that his Lordship had declared him his heir, and had given up all his estates to him, except the one on which he now resides. These amount, as the Count is informed, to nearly fifteen thousand pounds a year. You have heard of the singularity of his Lordship from the Count; he desires me to refer you to the Duke de B\*\*\*, to whom he wrote the particulars of a conference with which Lord Mount-Garth had honoured him. And it might indeed be considered an honour, for the Count was the only man, except his companion John, that he had conversed

versed with for more than thirty years. He now resides in one corner, or wing, of this magnificent mansion, to which no one has access but Mrs. Williamson, who is house-keeper, and, indeed, mistress; and John, who is like his Lordship himself. Mrs. W. came in just now, and said that his Lordship was uncommonly low spirited this evening, having always entertained a fancy, that whenever he admitted a stranger to speak to him, he would not live long after. She says it is wonderful what an impression this superstitious notion has made on the mind of his Lordship. The Count supposes this must be the reason why he was so impatient to finish what he had to say to him, without his making any reply; indeed, he was so struck with amazement, that he says, if he had spoken until now, he cannot say whether he should have recovered himself. However, as his Lordship allow-



ed him to write, he has done so in the most handsome manner.

What do you think of us now we begin to be proprietors of the soil, natives, as it were, of the country? Now the mischief is over, I begin to think myself a kind of instrument in bringing this good fortune about. Indeed my heart most severely reproached me with being instrumental to the death of Adela, though, certainly, I was not altogether blameable.

We have been to Adela's chamber : she sat up and was perfectly composed. The Count did not venture to hint at the accident that had so long deprived us of her. Mrs. Williamson tells us that she was at the farmer's house more than a fortnight before they knew any thing of the accident. That the Captain of the trading-vessel told the farmer's  
 6 people,

ROBERT AND ADELA. 179

people, when he brought her on shore, that he took her up near the mouth of the Severn, about four o'clock in the morning of the day before, just after a violent storm. That he thought her dead for some time, but that on her being put to bed, she had shewn signs of life, and as he was going much farther with his cargo, he begged that they would take her in and send for assistance. I will write soon again. If Adela continues better, shall we not see you here? Adieu.

Your's,

JACQUILINE DE MONTMORIN.

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

DO I give you joy? Yes! Most truly do I rejoice at every event that can give an addition of happiness to my friend. — That Adela is likely to be restored to health, I return thanks to heaven. Do not, my friend, inform her that I have rendered myself despicable in my own opinion, and therefore unworthy of those sentiments of kindness with which she once honoured me.

I am most wretched. I deplore the cause, though I own the propriety of your refusal of my accompanying you to Arabia. How could I have dared to ap-

pear before the angel I had injured?  
The thought distracts me.

On my arrival in town, I found a letter from my aunt, saying, that my strange behaviour had had such an effect on the spirits of her niece, that she had been confined to her bed ever since, and that the ceremony of our marriage must be deferred for a few days.

Never did condemned criminal receive a reprieve, after sentence of death, with half the satisfaction that I did at this respite. Her Ladyship's disorder continues to encrease; I was this morning informed, when I sent to enquire.

I must now congratulate you on your wonderful acquisition of fortune. The manner in which Lord Mount-Garth made this known to you, was odd like himself.



himself. I hope that all your days of sorrow are passed. It will be some alleviation of my wretchedness to know that my nearest and dearest friends are happy. Write me every circumstance relative to Adela; what she says about me; if she is still ignorant to what a wretch, the man who was honoured by her regard, has reduced himself. Robert, I could not see my mother in poverty; my happiness is sacrificed to her.

I am called to attend my aunt instantly. What can be the reason of this hasty summons? To-morrow I will write again.

DE R\*\*\*.

## FROM THE SAME

TO

## THE SAME.

IN my last, I informed you that my aunt had desired me to come instantly to her. I did so, and found her drowned in tears. I requested to know the cause of her sorrow. This, she said, she could not reveal to me, before she had received my most solemn promise that I would not quit the house without seeing Lady Theresa, whom she considered as drawing near her end; the physician having given her over last night.

I was really greatly shocked, and promised her that I certainly would not attempt to go without seeing Lady Theresa.

She

She then began to tell me of the strong and unbounded affection, which, unfortunately for her own peace, her niece had conceived for me since the day we first met at Lausanne. This was so ridiculous, that I shall not repeat it.

She then spoke of the danger of giving way to strong passions, and lamented that they very frequently drew down inevitable ruin on those who gave way to them. Yet, she said, as they were implanted in our nature by the divine Being, and that every one was subject to frailties, some allowance ought to be made. To all this I gave a ready assent, but waited most impatiently for what was to come. She then proceeded to tell me, that the illness of her Ladyship was brought on by her extreme anxiety; and, at length, revealed a most dreadful and diabolical plot laid and executed by these two fiends, for I cannot insult the  
sex.

sex so far as to call them women. It was by their contrivance that my adored, my beloved Adela was carried off. Had the plot succeeded, she was to have been put on board of some ship bound for Spain, and there to have been immured for life in a convent: for there was no intention of offering violence to her, as they say; that is, they did not intend actually to murder her. How near they were to the accomplishment of her death, I shudder to think. The horrid tale was related to me by my aunt, as Lady Theresa said that she could not die in peace without my forgiveness. My setting off abruptly to the country had alarmed her, and brought on her present disorder. She had been fearful that I had discovered the men whom she had employed. Donna Isabella said that they had been wretched ever since my return with the news of the death of Adela. Not daring to enquire how she  
had



had lost her life, and being fearful that the men employed had exceeded their orders.

I had a great struggle to bring myself into composure, or temper, sufficient to go to the chamber of the dying wretch. At length I went, accompanied by my aunt, and found, indeed, all resentment die at sight of the penitent object. She shed abundance of tears, breathed the most fervent prayers for the happiness of myself and Adela, when she should be forgotten. I most cordially gave her my forgiveness, now that my Adela was restored, which I could not have done had she been lost through her means.

I returned home under the influence of many different emotions; but, that I was freed from an union with my cousin was amongst the most pleasing. I could

could not but lament the depravity of our natures, and return thanks to Providence for its interposition so wonderfully in my favour.

I sent just now to enquire, and was told that her Ladyship was much worse ; that her Confessor had just been sent for. Pray Heaven that he may have power to calm her mind which was greatly agitated when I left her !

I have written to Spain, to my mother, an account of this horrid transaction, at which she will be in equal astonishment with myself. Had one day more elapsed, and I had been united to this woman, what would have been my feelings at this discovery ? I rejoice to find myself free from this engagement. For should her Ladyship recover, she can never expect me to fulfill a promise extorted

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torted by the perpetration of crimes.  
Write to me soon of the health of Adela.

Your's,

DE B\*\*\*.

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THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

INDEED, my friend Robert, I almost am seriously angry with you. What! first run away with my sisters, desert them, and then take my mistress from me?—But I forgive you, as I believe that friendship brought my lovely Countess into Devonshire, where I beg that you will not detain her. I flatter myself

myself that I have created some little interest in her heart, and, but for this journey, I meant to have solicited her hand before this time: not that I expect her to consent to our immediate union: but I wish to declare myself unequivocally, before any dangerous rival appears, for many I shall have to encounter, when the Countess appears in public. Mrs. Mortimer is every day soliciting her to accompany her to the Opera; but she has hitherto refused. It cannot be expected that she will long remain a recluse. The present will be of all others the season to sue for her heart. She is so happy at the restoration of her friend Adela, at which I was equally rejoiced: Your good fortune also renders me happy; but, if I am not mistaken, there is another person now in this house that rejoices more than all of us; though she never mentions your name.

I have



I have just heard that the intended bride of de B\*\*\* is dangerously ill. I shall offer no public prayers on this occasion ; but, I hope, without offence, I may be allowed a silent ejaculation.

Do not stay longer than is absolutely necessary in Devonshire, I have sufficient room in my house to accommodate your sister and yourself. Lord Mount-Garth may find himself under some restraint, having so many strangers about him, for though he intends giving you up some of his estates, it seems that he does not intend to enter into any familiarity with you except through the medium of pen and ink. Well ! let him enjoy his peculiarities since he has had generosity towards you, my friend, that does not enter into the heads of the worldlings of the present days. I have often seen young men reduced to the most dreadful necessities for want of a sufficiency

ency to appear in, and maintain the rank they were hereafter to fill, and to which they were the undoubted and undisputed heirs ; whilst the father or relation was looking out how they should lay out their vast and accumulated wealth to the best interest. Nay, I do believe, they have, through the medium of money lenders, supplied their heirs with their own money.

Colonel Sommerville arrived last night, and proposes setting off, with my sisters, to the Lodge sometime to-morrow. Come here, my friend, and we will then go down to Oakstock, where your sister will receive the benefit of the country air, at the same time that she will be near her friends. Jacqueline has promised to Sabina to spend a few weeks with her after she leaves you. Then it will be impossible for me to remain in town. Let me know your wishes on this subject, and don't forget sometimes to

to mention my name to the lovely Countess. Make my respectful compliments to your sister : Tell her I bespeak a small share of her regard as an old friend of her brother's.

LANDSFORD.

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ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

AFTER expressing my thanks for your last letter, I shall write upon the subject most interesting to my friend ; and which, I know, will give him most satisfaction ; which is, that of the lovely Countess, who is in perfect health and beauty. Be assured that your name

is

is not forgotten by any of us, and the blush that rises on the cheek of Jacqueline whenever it occurs, ascertains to me, that you are far from being indifferent to her. Whenever I speak of my friend, she gives me all attention, and never leaves me in the midst of an unfinished tale when he is the subject.

I have the pleasure to tell you, that Adela recovers very fast; insomuch that, except a little weakness, hardly a trace of her disorder remains. The sight of the Countess assisted in restoring her scattered senses; and she has recovered gradually ever since her arrival. She has been out in the carriage two or three times: and, if she continues as well a few days longer I shall think of removing from hence, and will with pleasure accept the offer of your house for our present accommodation. I would not intrude here longer



than is absolutely necessary. We must be a great restraint upon the good Lord Mount-Garth, whose singularities I revere. His generosity towards me has been so great that I cannot express, in terms sufficiently warm, the gratitude I feel myself impressed with. The only unpleasant sensation I feel is, that I am not to be permitted to see this my relation and benefactor again, as all further communication is to be carried on by correspondence. However, I am frequently visited by John, his Lordship's second self, though he never stays long with me, and seems uneasy all the while he is speaking. He brought me papers to look over, and sign yesterday, and informed me, that this evening he should have the honor to put me in possession of the deeds, which conveyed fifteen thousand pounds a year from his Lord to me : Lord Mount-Garth only reserving the estate on which he now resides

to

to himself and John, for their joint lives. His Lordship wrote me word that the estates came into my hands clear of incumbrances, and hoped that adversity had taught me prudence sufficient to keep it clear. For my sister, he said, he considered her as his daughter, and had appropriated the savings of his former income as a fortune for her; fifty thousand pounds of which he had lodged in the hands of his banker in her name, and for which she was at liberty to draw; and, that whenever she made choice of a husband worthy of her, my approbation should give his sanction to the union. He desired to hear from both of us, informing him what we were doing, but desired that we might never mix any of the current news in our letters as he had done with the world, and lived entirely for himself. I am in the more haste to remove, as John informed me, that his Lord-

ship had not been well since I came here—perhaps he does not take his usual exercise. I asked John if he thought that this was the reason. He answered that he could not tell, but his Lord was grown melancholy, and, that this grieved him sorely. I would have removed the next morning, and had given orders for this, but his Lordship hearing from John that I had done so, wrote me word, that Adela was not yet recovered enough to undertake a long journey, and that he would not permit me to depart for a few days.

I shall be in town by the end of next week; I will then relate to you the dreadful story of Adela's misfortune. How very little, my friend, do we see into futurity? or who could have imagined that this calamity should lead to the establishment of our future fortunes? That such a diabolical design should enter

ter into the breast of a female is wonderful. Nothing but the pride and jealousy of a Spaniard could have determined on such means. I am truly glad my friend de B\*\*\* has escaped such a fiend. My present happiness had been incomplete had he married Lady Theresa. Adela has frequently asked me after the Duke. I have never told her how near his union with his cousin was brought, as it might lessen that confidence which she has in his affection. I know that there is a delicate point to get over before they can be united. The Duchess will never consent to the Duke's marriage with Adela, now that she is in possession of a fortune, when the want of it was her only reason for refusal. Adela promised solemnly never to give her hand without the consent of the Duchess. How these obstacles are to be got over, I cannot say. Foolish punctilios should not be insisted upon



either side, where the affections are so strongly interested.

Another subject, and a nearer one to my happiness, has occupied many of my hours, since Fortune has been tired of persecuting me; this is, that of the lovely Lady Julia Spencer. It was impossible to be near her, and to witness her many attractions, without the heart taking an interest. Mine, though at first under a wrong impression, no sooner felt Lady Julia's many amiable virtues and accomplishments, than it recanted its former errors, and yielded to her beauty a tribute so justly due. I loved her, Landsford, before I was sensible of it myself; and, when I found myself insensibly drawn to the hall, I attributed to Lady Susan what was really due to Lady Julia. The tender concern and interest which she took in the loss of my sister, endeared her still more  
to

to me. Do you think that I have any room to hope? I had determined never to disclose my passion to any one: Lady Susan having treated my pretensions with such scorn, that pride had made me swear never again to subject myself to such indignities as those to which her Ladyship's caprices had subjected me. I have nothing of this nature to fear from Lady Julia, who is all feminine softness, and who unites, to a strong mind, all the delicacy so fascinating in the female sex.

Write to me soon, and say that you believe that I am not indifferent to Lady Julia, and I will be with you instantly.

Your's,

R. DE MONTFORT.

## THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN

TO

LADY JULIA SPENCER.

WELL ! my dear Lady Julia, I have the pleasure to inform you, that I have recovered my friend Adela by good nursing, so well, that we propose setting off from this place in a few days to join you in town : or, if you should have left it, we shall follow you to the country ; for Adela's happiness will not be complete until she has embraced her friends. She would have wrote, but I absolutely forbade this, as she is at times troubled with a pain in her head. I have promised to relate to you what happened to her when those monsters took her away from you. This I shall do as accurately as my memory will allow ;

allow ; and, if I should omit any particular she will set this right when you meet. Adela does not recollect any thing after she was first put into the carriage, until after dark when she found herself sitting betwixt two men, the carriage driving at a violent rate. She begged to know where they were conveying her to, and who had been so inhuman as to order her to be seized. They replied, that they were not to answer her questions ; but that she would be taken care of if she behaved well : if not, that they would take care of her. She entreated, with tears, to know where she was going : they said, that as soon as they had got her to the other side of the river she would meet her friends. This she knew was impossible, as she would leave all her friends on the side of the water she then was on. At length they came to the river side ; and then one of the men said, that they had a



boat in waiting, and that, if she spoke a word, or did not sit still in the carriage, the boatman had orders to plunge her into the river. After they had waited by the water side a long time, a man came, and they got the carriage into the ferry, one of the men sitting by her side whilst the other staid with the boatman. The wind blew hard soon after they put off from the shore. At length a dreadful hurricane drove them out of their course, and the boatman declared himself unable to govern the boat; then the other fellow left the side of Adela, and joined the other two. She sat in a violent fright, expecting to be overset every moment: the men paid no attention to her, indeed it was impossible they should. Adela opened the door of the carriage and jumped into the boat, she had not done this more than a few moments before the horses took fright and plunged overboard,

board, dragging the chaise after them. Adela swooned at the sight, and remembers nothing after, until she saw me at Lord Mount-Garth's. It is probable that the struggle of the poor animals overset the boat. Adela was taken up by a vessel that most providentially happened to be passing at the dreadful moment; when, but for that, she must inevitably have perished. The Count is greatly distressed that he cannot find out the name of the Captain, or of the ship in which Adela was preserved, as she came on shore in a boat sent to convey her to the first house that should present itself. How fortunate that this should have been the spot? They might otherwise have remained many years in distress, though the heirs of so large a fortune. Do you know that I have just received a letter from your brother? I dare not tell the subject even to you. Do not be jealous! Adela has not been

informed of its contents. I am now in hopes to see Adela as happy as she deserves to be. The Duke can never marry Lady Theresa after the discovery of her guilt. The Duchess must detest her. Adela received a letter from the Duke yesterday, which she owned gave her great satisfaction. If she had not declared as much, it was evident in her countenance.

Pray have you heard from Lady Susan since you left her? She will not long remain in solitude I dare say; we shall see her in town before the winter.

I am so much better both in health and spirits, that I mean, to-morrow, to open the packet given me by the poor Baroness de Morteuil. Her story may serve to amuse Adela. If there is any thing worth communication I shall send it to you.

I have

I have written to Mrs. Mortimer by this post, and informed her, that in future I shall reside with my friend Adela. There is nothing so grating as to receive an obligation from those for whom you cannot feel any friendship, which is my case with this Lady. Her unkind letter when I first landed in England made an impression on my mind that all her civilities shewn to me since could never efface. She will not be sorry, I dare say, to be relieved of a burthen on her generosity.

The Count engages me frequently in conversation on the many amiable qualities of a certain Lady, who was the friend of his sister, and for whom, if I am not greatly deceived, he feels a tenderer sentiment than friendship. Can you guess who this Lady is?—That good oddity, Lord Mount-Garth, wrote Adela a letter yesterday, and at the same time

pre-



presented her with no less a sum than fifty thousand pounds, and a promise that she should inherit all the accumulated savings of his vast estate after his death.

To-morrow is to be a day of general rejoicing on the Count's being put into possession of his Lordship's estates; and on this occasion he has consented to his gates being thrown open to the country people, whilst he himself and John are to remain state prisoners in a back drawing-room, where a sumptuous entertainment is to be served up to them; and John says, that they will drink a good wife to the Count. His Lordship has never seen Adela; but after dinner John is to introduce her to drink one glass of wine with his Lordship. This is considered a prodigious favour. I cannot get one peep at him, and I must own that my curiosity is very great: I shall be as joyous as the  
best

best of them. I have promised to dance with the Count—Now don't be jealous.

The Duke de B\*\*\* is just arrived, and has sent for the Count to an inn in the neighbourhood. I dare say that Adela knew of his coming; and that this is the cause of her great spirits all this day. I will go down and be very angry with her for this secrecy. She shall be entrusted with nothing but what I publish to the world for the future. Perhaps, if you condescend to entreat my forgiveness, I may pardon her. My best compliments wait on Lady Sabina and Colonel Sommerville, and Lord Landford, with whom I am a little angry.

Adieu my friend,

JACQUILINE DE MONTMORIN.

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LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

THE COUNT DE MONTFORT.

WELL, I have waited until I am quite out of patience for a line from you. This is strange! A Frenchman to be accused of a want of gallantry. I have heard at Tregony-Hall of all your strange adventures; and, I beg to congratulate you on the recovery of your sister, whose escape I consider as most miraculous. Don't you mean to return hither? I am quite dead without your society, and not until you were gone, did I know that your company was necessary to render this place at all agreeable.

Since my sisters have left me, I am become a mere reasonable being. I can think and determine for myself better  
than

than when continually tormented with their absurd and confined notions of propriety.

I am most anxious to hear that your health and spirits are again restored, and to meet with you and Adela at the cottage. I have been very angry with my brother Landsford; but, I believe, I shall forgive him, as his ill humour arose from his attachment to you, who I must acknowledge are in possession of my friendship: could I ever be inclined to give up my liberty, I will allow it might be possible to resign it in your favour. Now don't suppose that I recant one of my former opinions; for I really do not. If you should chuse to remove to London, and Adela will take up her residence with me, I will quit this place, which is rather dreary, now my friends are gone.

I have



I have found, in a Miss Jones, a most agreeable neighbour. She lives in the old moated castle that we pass in our way to Tregony. I have often called it the abode of melancholy from its gloomy appearance. Miss Jones waited upon me the very morning on which you all left me. She introduced herself by saying that she did not know that so charming a woman as myself lived so near her. She had heard my name on my first coming into the country, but thought I might be some flimsy woman of quality, and therefore was not at the trouble of making her courtesey. But that dining the other day with some Ladies who had visited me, she was agreeably surprized to hear that I had entertained and maintained a just sense of the importance and dignity of the female character.

She soon entered into chat, and really I never was better pleased with any woman

man in my life; our sentiments were most exactly alike, and we parted highly delighted, and have been constant friends and companions ever since, insomuch that we spend all our time in each others society. Miss Jones lives with her brother, who is also a most pleasing young man, and who entertains a proper idea of the female character. This is not often met with amongst the young men of the present day. I dare say when you return we shall be extremely happy in the society of this family.

Present my love to Adela: tell her I am impatient for her return, and if you write to Landsford, say that he is forgiven by

SUSAN SPENCER.

THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN

TO

LADY JULIA SPENCER.

I INFORMED you yesterday of the arrival of the Duke de B\*\*\*. The Count went directly to his friend and brought him hither. Soon after he was introduced to his beloved Adela, but my pen is inadequate to paint the excessive joy of the Duke at their meeting. He announced the death of Lady Theresa which happened about four days ago. She was most penitent, and received the forgiveness of the Duke; and, in return, bequeathed to him her large fortune; having heard by a letter from the Duchess de B\*\*\*, that Don Guzman, her brother, died a few days after her arrival in Spain, leaving the whole of his property to his only daughter; with only the reserve

serve of an annuity for the lives of each of his sisters. The Duchess supposed that her Ladyship and the Duke had been united, and congratulates her son on his great acquisition of walth. Lady Theresa requested that Adela de Montfort might share it with the Duke. This he informed her; but she declared, that attached to him as she was, and ever should remain, she would not yield her hand to him, but in the presence, and with the concurrence of his mother. This I have not the least doubt of her giving when she arrives. The Count thinks otherwise. Time must determine which of us is in the right.

We had a most joyous day yesterday. Arabia has never been so well attended before. Our ball was not very splendid, but mirth and good humour, and good cheer sent all away satisfied. Adela, after dinner, had her promised audience  
of



of Lord Mount-Garth. He was greatly pleased with her, as John told the Count. He thought that he could trace a family likeness in her; he presented her, at parting, with a picture of himself, drawn when a boy. It was set round with brilliants; was his mother's whilst she lived, and since her death had been in his possession; and he gave it to Adela as a mark of his esteem. He drank her health, and that of her brother's, and then wished her much happiness in this world, on which she retired, attended by John. She is greatly pleased with his Lordship's appearance; and says, that there is great benignity expressed in his countenance, and more ease in his deportment than she should have expected, considering the many years that he has been a voluntary recluse.

To-morrow morning he leaves this place for London; I am glad of this, as  
I wish

I wish to return. I have not received a line from the Baron de Mortieul, though I left him my direction, and desired that he would write to me in my absence.— His silence alarms me, as his health is in a very precarious state. I gave the Baroness my solemn promise in her last moments that I would attend to his distresses, and relieve them whenever this should be in my power; and I have great consolation in having faithfully performed this sacred engagement. I have not yet opened the packet of the Baroness. It is deferred until we arrive in town. Adieu, my dear Lady Julia, prepare to embrace our dear Adela, who is equally impatient.

Your's,

JACQUILINE DE MONTMORIN.

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

THAT my dear sister has extended her forgiveness towards me, I was this morning informed by a letter from the Count de Montfort, for which I thank her. In return, I will communicate a piece of intelligence to her, that, I doubt not, will give her pleasure. This is, that the Count has declared himself the lover of Julia, and has solicited my permission to address her; if no former prepossession should preclude him from that honor. I communicated this intelligence to our sister Sommerville, who assures me, that the Count's suit will be received as I could wish, by Julia, as she has long since been assured that she entertained a secret regard for this amiable young man.

man. I am better pleased at this on your account; as the civilities of the Count were displeasing to you, and by this union you will be free from his importunity.

I shall expect to see you in town, as I have a plan of giving you a sister as well as a brother. I mean, that I shall, as soon as the Countess de Montmorin comes to town, offer her my hand. I have endeavoured to gain her heart, and am not altogether without hopes of success, as the Count has written to me that she often speaks to him of myself and family. Do not attempt to dissuade me from uniting myself to the lovely Countess. I cannot live without her. I know that you will upbraid me with my former declaration of love for Mrs. Bertie; who, by the bye, has gone off last week with an officer of dragoons, and left the disconsolate Nabob to lament his folly. This has pleased me much, and I forgive



her the pain I suffered on her account; now that I am revenged on that fool Bertie. Sabina left town with the Colonel and Julia two days ago. I intend going to Oakstock as soon as de Montfort and his sister come here, as they have promised. The Countess goes to the Lodge to visit my sister until I can prevail on her to exchange that place for Oakstock. Why will you remain in the country? Pray join our party. We will not insist on your marrying. You shall do the honors of the sex in celibacy, if you please. Nay, you shall be the patroness of a female college for the education of young women in your own principles.

The Duchefs de B\*\*\* is expected in town in a few days. The Duke informs me he arrived from Arabia, the name of the seat of Lord Mount-Garth, who has so kindly found out the relationship betwixt himself and the Count, and actually  
put

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put him into possession of fifteen thousand pounds per annum. I esteem de Montfort, and am happy to give Julia so amiable and good a young man for a husband. Sabina is to talk to her on this subject as soon as they reach the Lodge. I expect an answer.

Your's,

**LANDSFORD.**

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**LADY JULIA SPENCER**

**TO**

**MISS EMMA FITZARRAN.**

I HAVE only been here one day and one night; so, my Emma, you must not be angry at my silence. In my last, I wrote you an account of the recovery of Adela de Montfort, and also of the

L 2

agreeable

agreeable turn in the affairs of her brother. But I cannot express to you how happy I have been made by a conversation which has passed this morning betwixt Sabina and myself. Her's had a most serious aspect at the beginning, and really frightened me. My sister desired me to go to her dressing-room as she had something to say to me. When she sat down, she began her discourse by enquiring if I knew the real state of my heart, and desired that I would make no concealments, if I had found any prepossession there in favour of any gentleman, as many had endeavoured to gain my favour; and assured me that she was particularly interested in the sincerity of my answer. She waited some time before I could summon courage to tell her, that, if she would not desire me to declare the name of the person whom I most esteemed, I would declare, that I had not found myself equally insensible to the attentions

of

of all our visitors. This answer pleased her, and she thanked me for my candour. She asked if she should tell me whose pretensions she wished to have been most pleasing to me, and then named the Count de Montfort; saying, that she had a letter to shew me from this amiable young man, that I might read it whilst she took a turn round her shrubbery, and give her my opinion when she returned. I cannot describe to you the tremor I was in when she put the letter into my hand, and left me. I waited some time before I dared to open it. The Count wrote to ask permission of my brother to address me. Thus in one moment I saw every wish of my heart accomplished. To become the wife of Robert de Montfort, sanctioned by all my friends, was a thought so pleasing that I burst into tears, and found much relief. Sabina was alarmed to find me weeping on her return, and assured me



that the sentiments contained in that letter would not be attended to if they caused my uneasiness. As soon as I could recover myself I assured her how sensible I was of the attentions of my friends, and would own to her that the Count de Montfort was the person whom I preferred to all his sex, and begged that she would write a proper answer to my brother Landsford. This she undertook. How, my dear Emma, shall I be able to see the Count now he is my declared lover? May he not possess a volatile heart? He was the lover of Susan once: this I mentioned to Sabina. She said, that the Count had been disgusted by her follies; and, that she was certain if he ever had been in love with her, of which she was in doubt, that not a spark remained; and that his heart was all my own: that she had observed this when neither of us was sensible of each others tenderness, whilst the Count

staid

staid with us during his illness, which had determined her to leave Wales rather sooner than she had at first intended; not thinking the Count, in point of fortune, a proper match for me. Most gladly would I have shared his poverty with him rather than the splendor of a princely palace. Now fortune has smiled, he has asked me of my brother. I am half inclined to be angry with him for thinking so meanly of me. But as his thoughts are favourable of me, I shall not quarrel. Do not you think I am getting very bold to talk of marriage when I have hardly been two years emerged from the nursery?

My brother is expected at Oakstock the beginning of next week, and brings along with him Robert and Adela de Montfort. I shall again see and embrace my beloved friend. I wish you could spare a few weeks, and make one of the

party. This would be really delightful. I have received a letter yesterday from the Countess de Montmorin, who proposes to stay a few weeks here with us. Sabina thinks that she will remove from hence to Oakstock as my brother is much in love with her. My sister does not much approve of the match, the Countess having no fortune. She has no other objection but the want of money. How she can entertain such sordid ideas I cannot imagine? Landford's estate is sufficient. What should he do with more money?

We have never heard from Susan since we left her, though both my sister and myself have written. My brother has written also, but hardly expects an answer, as she was greatly offended at our leaving her.

Lady

Lady Morgan writes me that she has only seen Susan once since our departure, she having shut herself up with a Miss Jones. This Lady I never saw, but remember the name, as belonging to a house which we passed in our road to Tregony-Hall. The Morgan family actually meditate a journey to London, to pay a visit to Adela this next winter. I shall be rejoiced to see them, and to shew them every attention for their goodness and hospitality to that lovely girl, whom I hope to call by a near name. Adieu.

Your's,

JULIA SPENCER.



## THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN

LADY JULIA SPENCER.

MY dear Lady Julia, I hasten to communicate the contents of my packet to you. We arrived in town late last night; I left Robert and Adela de Montfort at Lord Landsford's. Adela promised to come to me early this morning, and to spend the day with me, that we might examine the legacy left me by the Baroness de Mortieul: she was at Mrs. Mortimer's before eleven o'clock. We opened the packet in my dressing room.

Judge, my dear Lady Julia, after reading a tale of sorrow, what must be my feelings to find myself the grand daughter of the deceased Baroness Mortieul and

of the good Baron. This is actually so. Mr. St. Prieux, who brought me up, was not my father nor any relation to me. On my father's death, which happened whilst the Baroneſs was attending her husband in Germany, he ſeized upon his eſtate and effects, and carried me to the Convent of St. Clair. He produced a forged will which he told the Baroneſs was my father's; and when ſhe read it, ſhe was aſtoniſhed to find that he ordered Mr. St. Prieux not to inform her where I was, or to allow me to have any intercourſe with her family. Mr. St. Prieux had me married to the Count de Montmorin, and then, dreadful to relate, ſent information againſt him to Paris, in order that he might not live to find out his villainy; and ſo, by driving me from the country, remain himſelf in quiet poſſeſſion of our eſtate. Gracious Heaven, I hope, will puniſh his crimes. The ſtory of my parents is,

that my father, M. du Boissy, was of an ancient noble family, but of one who entertained opposite principles in politics to my grandfather's, the Baron de Mor-teuil, who would never hear of his daughter Geraldine's being united to the son of his enemy. My grandfather being called into Germany by some pressing business, left the Baroness and my mother at a seat he had a few miles from Paris. During his absence the lovers frequently met, and at length prevailed on the Baroness to consent to a private marriage. At the Baron's return every thing was carried on with the utmost secrecy; my father making his visits to my mother during the night through the means of the Baroness's woman, and always returning to Salens before day-break. This intercourse was carried on for some months. At length it became expedient for my mother to remove to another place. The Baroness  
trusted

trusted a friend with the secret, and I was born at her house. My father came and had me removed to a house that he had hired for this purpose, and after a time my mother returned home—but never recovered of her lying in. A consumption carried her to the grave in two months afterwards. The Baroness and my father were wretched beyond conception: the former as she considered herself as being instrumental in the death of her child. She durst not tell the Baron of his daughter's marriage. And, on the death of M. du Boissy's father, he came into the possession of the estate at Salens, and he then took me home. The Baroness made frequent visits in secret to see me. About this time the Baron was called upon to serve in the war just broken out in Germany. He went thither accompanied by the Baroness: She persuaded him, at the end of the first campaign, to sell his

his



his property in Germany; and, with the money it produced, to return and purchase an estate in France. He did so, unfortunately; for he had not been settled more than two years before he was driven out of that country. The Baronefs, during a residence of twelve years in France, could never obtain a knowledge of the place to which I had been carried. This embittered the days of the Baronefs, who bore a load of woe that she durst not disclose to her husband: What gave pungency to her sorrow was, that, soon after her arrival in England, she met by accident, the confidential servant of my father, who was with him in his last moments. This man was surprized to hear the Baronefs relate, that M. du Boissy had left the care of me to M. St. Prieux, as he was certain that his master made a will, leaving all his effects to his daughter, and ordering that the Baron should

should be her guardian. This man said, that he had written the will himself, and had taken a copy of it, which was now in his possession. He brought the paper the very next day; and convinced the Baroness, that I had been defrauded of my property, if I was not also murdered. This had such an effect on her spirits that she never recovered the shock. At the bottom of her memoirs, she entreats that the Count de Montmorin would enquire into the place where her dear grand-daughter was concealed, and conjures him to do her right if she can be found; and that he will execute vengeance on the base St. Prieux. She also requests the Count to inform the Baron of this story, and to entreat his pardon, by the remembrance of their past affection.

How little did this dear woman know  
that

that she was soliciting the daughter of her beloved Geraldine? Why was I not permitted to know our relationship, and to acknowledge the obligations I owed to this good Baroness, whose death had been caused by her anxiety on my account? The Baron is not yet acquainted with our relationship. Mrs. Mortimer has undertaken the office of informing him to-morrow of this wonderful event. I shall, I hope, be able to smooth the pillow of his age, and endeavour to make up, as much as possible, for his loss of the Baroness, whom he laments with never-ceasing sorrow.

Adela and I read and wept over the papers until we were both ill. But I hear that she is very well this morning, and is waiting for me to attend her to visit the Duchesse de B\*\*\*, who arrived in town only last night. Adela is impatient to embrace this her second parent.

The

The Duchess must now wish that an union may take place betwixt her son and Adela, though she cannot solicit it.

I have been much importuned this morning in behalf of a certain relation of your Ladyship's, and I don't know how to refuse my attention to the suit, which, I have been informed, has received the sanction of Lady Sommerville and your Ladyship. The Count de Montfort is all joy and happiness, owing to a letter which Lord Landsford has shewn him from Lady Sommerville. He is praying Lord Landsford to set off for Oakstock to-morrow morning. This his Lordship cannot do; but the day after they are to set off. I have half promised to accompany them as far as the Lodge; so, I believe, that you may expect me.

I am half ashamed of the unconscionable length of my letter. Adieu.

JACQUILINE DE MONTMORIN.



LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD.

LET me congratulate you on the art you have lately acquired of making matches. I assure you I am much pleased with the one you have now in contemplation, betwixt the gentle Julia and the more gentle Count; they are likely to be very happy. His heart is too variable to fix any woman that has the power of thinking for herself, and presumes to exercise that power. Julia will give all her sentiment into his keeping, and use them at his pleasure. She, poor thing! is content with a heart at second hand, so as it is not much the worse for wear. I have teized it a little, I must  
own,

own, for my amusement, but now resign it wholly to her.

I do not think that I shall be in town to grace your nuptials, having a small intention to celebrate my own here in Wales. I have received a proposal of marriage from Mr. Jones, a young man of a good fortune, and exactly of a disposition that pleases me. He will allow me to be mistress of myself, and to regulate my actions and my family according to my own taste. Miss Jones and I are inseparables; and she assures me that she has trained up her brother to obedience, having never let him have any will of his own, since he came to his estate. The Count and I were never intended for each other; he is too trifling; but his disposition will suit that of Julia's, who has been taught the doctrine of passive obedience. However, perhaps, if I should like it, Mr. Jones  
may

may bring me to town just to pay my compliments of congratulation to my sister brides. Next Monday is the day appointed for our union.

Your's,

SUSAN SPENCER.

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LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

MY dear Frances, I am quite out of humour with you, myself, and all the world. The only man to whom I could have given up my liberty, has deserted me in the moment that I had determined to be kind to him. It is true,  
that

that I had tired his temper well by every species of insult and caprice in my power. I do like to humble the wretches. But I did not intend to punish myself. That little sly Julia has robbed me of the heart of Robert de Montfort, who about six months ago was my slave. He has broken my chains, and, were it not for pride, I could break my heart. But I will be revenged on the sex. Here is a stupid kind of a wretch who has offered me his hand; he shall have it that I may have something to torment. Never will I allow my mind to depend upon man for its happiness more! I had taken uncommon pains to bring myself to allow any of them to alter my opinions; and having accomplished what I wished, I thought that love was a settled and steady principle in their mind. They love every one alike. They are not formed for attachments.

Do



Do you know that I was so silly as to condescend to write to the Count some days ago, before I had heard of his overtures to my sister? They are now laughing at my letter no doubt, and calling it the Maiden's Lamenta. I intend to marry Mr. Jones. I will not be made a joke of. He is a man of large fortune here. But I do not intend that he shall remain in Wales after our union, as I cannot, I find, exist out of London.

Landsford has written me one of his sarcastic letters on the subject of the transfer of the Frenchman's heart. I could kill him for this: he is going to marry a French Countess, who, I hope, will exert the natural idgenuity of her country; and, if she does, my wrongs will be revenged, and I shall laugh at his wife Lordship.

Next

Next Monday makes me Lady Susan Jones, and gives me a right to tyrannize over a stupid silly Welchman. His sister is a most charming woman. I must introduce you to each other. She is a little too talkative; but, when we are relations, I shall give her a little advice.

I am going to the Abbey to look at the old rusty furniture, which I shall modernize, or burn it for rubbish.

I had forgotten to congratulate you on the marriage of your mother to Mr. Harrowby. It is so ridiculous that I can hardly think of it without bursting out into a fit of laughter.

Excuse me, my intended waits at my door in his old unwieldy coach, to carry me to look at my house, as he calls it.

I dare

I dare say the Count will be heartily mortified when he hears that I am married. Pray write and let me know what is said. I delight in the scandal of London.

Pray make my compliments to Lady, what is she called now, Lady Harrowby or Lady Fitzarran? I shall pay my respects personally in a few weeks. Adieu.

Your's,

SUSAN SPENCER.

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ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

I MUST beg your Ladyship's excuse for not answering your very kind letter directly. I received it on the day  
before

before I left Arabia; and, having a great many trifling engagements to make, I deferred writing until I should arrive in London.

Be pleased to accept both my sister's and my thanks for your remembrance of us, and most particularly my acknowledgments for the good opinion you are pleased to entertain of me. It has ever been my ambition to merit the kind attentions I have, in this exile, received from the family of Aldborough. The condescension and goodness of Lady Julia during my extreme distress, have made that impression on my heart which no time can ever obliterate, and I have been honoured by her permission to dedicate the remainder of my life to promote her happiness, and insure my own.

I have not any intention of returning into Wales for the present, though your



Ladyship's flattering invitation would at any other time have determined me to do so.

Perhaps you may be induced to join our party at Oakstock, to which place my sister and myself remove with Lord Landsford to-morrow. The Countess de Montmorin is gone to Sommerville Lodge. Your company gives additional happiness to all parties, and particularly to your friend,

R. DE MONTFORT.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*.

SINCE I quitted France I cannot say that I have ever felt myself so truly happy as I was yesterday evening in presenting

senting my beloved sister to the Duchess, and in witnessing their affectionate meeting. Nor were you, my dear Henrique, an indifferent spectator. I was sorry for the evident embarrassment of your revered mother. All her thoughts and attention were employed in obtaining that independence for you which you had lost in France. I am not surprized to find that Donna Isabella embarked for Spain before the arrival of the Duchess. She well knew that it was her forgery of those letters from your mother that induced you, in order to secure her independence, to promise to receive the hand of your cousin : most fortunate it was that the discovery was brought about before your marriage.

You have, my dear friend, often accused me of a too strict attention to the rigid rules of propriety ; but I mean now to step a little beyond their bounds,

by desiring that no foolish delicacy, on your part, may prevent your continuing those attentions towards Adela, which so much tend to promote your mutual felicity. Her affections are and ever were devoted to you; and, if she rejoices in her acquisition of fortune, it is most particularly in being enabled to share it with her earliest friend.

Assure the Duchess that I most earnestly entreat that she will allow Adela the honor of which she is most ambitious, that of calling her mother.

And now, my Henrique, let me tell you that I am the happiest man on earth. Lady Julia Spencer will be mine. Landford assures me that she will: This I know will give you pleasure. I must own, that I had formed too hasty an opinion of Lady Susan, and madly thought that angel form was in possession  
of

of an angel mind. These are both united in Lady Julia, who is an exact picture of female excellence. My Adela is delighted to call this most amiable woman sister. They are an exact counterpart of each other in manners. You have seen Lady Julia. I hope to see you this evening. In the morning we leave town.

Your's,

R. DE MONTFORT.

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MISS FITZARRAN

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

IT is really a subject of extreme concern to me to find that a woman of sense should mistake the road to happiness, where it was pointed out to her, in order



to follow the idle chimeras of a capricious misguided imagination. I see plainly, though you do not own it, that your heart is attached to the Count de Montfort, whose own good sense has directed him to seek for happiness where it presented itself. Now you are angry to find that heart lost which you had determined to torment, only because he had preferred you to the rest of your sex. Now, by way of revenge, you meditate to punish yourself by marrying a man for whom you do not entertain a common respect. For Heaven's sake! Lady Susan, summons this boasted reason that you make so much talk about, and do not act in so absurd a manner. Let your present disappointment, for, say how you will, it is a disappointment, act as a lesson never to trifle with an object deserving of your serious attention. You once determined never to marry, therefore it will be but keeping up to the spirit of your system to continue in this determination.

nation. If you will not take my advice, which I have very little reason to think that you will, yet let me entreat that you do not precipitately unite yourself to a man with whom you are scarcely acquainted. Consider the respect that you owe to yourself, and likewise what is due to the ancient and noble family to whom you belong. Perhaps I may affront you, but I do not like this Miss Jones for the similitude of her opinions with your own. What happiness have you derived from your deviation from the general principles that guide the rest of your sex? What has your liberty of thinking, and acting with freedom procured you? Nothing—you have talked away your own happiness. My mother, whom you affect to laugh at, has acted consistently, and is truly happy in rewarding the virtues of a most deserving man, whom I am proud to call my father. Lady Fitz-arran retains her former name; this,

M 4.

though

though your Ladyship well knew, pretended ignorance; nor do I think a title would add one atom to the worth of Mr. Harrowby; who, with my mother, joins me in wishing all happiness to you in whatever state you may chuse.

Your's,

FRANCES FITZARRAN.

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THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN

TO

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

Sommerville Lodge.

AS our intended visit to you at Oakstock is put off on account of a slight indisposition of Lady Julia's, I take my pen to inform you of this, lest you should be alarmed. 'Tis only a head-ach; and, I really believe, half affected; she is so  
much

much agitated at the idea of meeting the Count. She considers that she has acted rather indelicately in letting Lady Sommerville tell Lord Landsford that your brother was not indifferent to her. We endeavour to laugh her out of this notion. I wish you would advise Lord Landsford and your brother to ride over here, and take us by surprize. This would relieve her Ladyship's embarrassment, and prevent any formal introduction. Indeed, my Adela, we are most fortunate women to have met with such truly amiable friends in a foreign land. You have met with that fortune of which both your brother and yourself are deserving. What did you say to the Duke when you left him? Did he not promise to follow you to Oakstock? I know that Lord Landsford made a point of giving the Duchess an invitation, and that of course her son will attend her.

M 5

I have



I have now to consult you on an important concern of my own, and hope that you will give me your advice most faithfully; and not consult what may be my inclinations, but how I ought to act.

Lord Landsford previously to my leaving town, requested an interview with me. I agreed to receive him the next morning. At the appointed hour he came, and began his discourse by saying, that he considered the present moment as the most important of his life. He then made me an offer of his hand and fortune in the most delicate manner imaginable; saying that, he was certain, did I know the felicity I should give him by my acceptance of his offer, that I would not hesitate a moment in making a reply. I own that I was covered with confusion, and did not know what answer to make to this generous man. However, I stammered out, that I was most sensible

ble of the honor he intended me, but that, situated as I was, it must be quite impossible for me to avail myself of the very favourable sentiments he had the goodness to express. He knelt at my feet and swore that he would never rise until I would promise to be his. He enquired what insurmountable bar there was to our union. That as to family we were nearly equal; for he had been conversing with the Baron de Mortieul, my grandfather, and he had most heartily given him his concurrence to our union. And, for fortune, affection should supply the deficiency. I then said, though his Lordship was so disinterested, yet what would the rest of his family think when he should present a friendless exile to them as a sister. If, said he, they could (though I know them all too well to suspect them for a moment) refuse to acknowledge the relationship, I would forget them for ever. He continued to entreat,

until I promised to allow him to hope, but that I must reconsider his proposal, as I would do nothing that my reason could, on cooler thought, disapprove. Thus we parted. I have not seen his Lordship since this interview.

What says my friend? Shall I not shew disrespect to the memory of the Count by this second marriage? It is true, my heart was not consulted in the choice of a husband, nor did it ever acknowledge Montmorin for its Lord: until I saw Lord Landsford in England I knew not what love was; yet now that he has declared himself, I dare not accept his offer. Am not I a beggar in every thing but affection? Should he ever cease to look upon me with the regard he now possesses, will he not say, that I took advantage of his prepossession to ensnare him? My heart would break should this ever happen. I have sufficient money to live  
in

in obscurity ; and should the present dreadful struggle in our devoted country subside, I intend to seek out Madame Adeliade, and pass with her the remainder of my days.—This idea I mentioned to the Baron, who doats upon me, but he would not hear of it : this would be to kill him indeed, he said, as his life is wrapped in mine. He has lands in Germany, and many rich relations, and he will carry me thither, and present me to them as his treasure, hoarded as a comfort to support his widowed age.

What ought I to do ? How shall I act ? Tell me, my sister, my friend, I conjure you. Ask the Count his advice. I know his friendship, and will rely upon it.

Mrs. Mortimer very strongly advised me to accept Lord Landsford's offer. She did this in so indelicate a manner, that I was quite disgusted with her. I plainly



plainly saw that she wished me disposed of, fearing lest I might become an incumbrance to her family. At the same time that she advised me to accept the offer of Lord Landsford, she told me, that had his Lordship's mother been living, she was certain that she would have opposed our union; first, on account of our religion; and next, on account of my being a Frenchwoman.

Let me hear from you to-morrow; I shall be anxious for your opinion.

I greatly admire Lady Sabina Somerville. There seems such an entire cordiality of affection between the Colonel and herself, that they diffuse a share of that content, they themselves possess, to all around them. May you be as happy in the marriage state as this couple. I need not to ask for you any other blessing.

Your's,

JACQUILINE DE MONTMORIN.

THE DUCHESS DE B\*\*\*

TO

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

MY dearest child, I am most truly thankful to Providence for being spared from the participation of crimes at which I shudder with horror. Certainly, had you perished by the wicked machinations of my sister and niece, I should have accused myself as accessary; having advised their following Henrique to England.

I perceive that they have forged letters from me, which had the desired effect over the filial affection of my beloved Henrique. My supposed poverty had nearly destroyed his happiness for ever. I can only say, that I am most grateful for the feelings expressed by  
my

my son; and, that his happiness has been my constant aim; and that when, by his letters, I was sensible of his sincere affection towards you, I wrote to my brother, and informed him, that much and sincerely as I wished for an union betwixt the Lady Theresa and my son, yet I could not enforce my authority now that I found his affections were irrevocably fixed on one that I could not but own deserving of them. Had I not done this, and at the same time written a letter to you to this purpose, which, I am informed by my son, you never received, I could not now solicit you to receive my son as your destined husband. He entreats you to forgive his despair in acquiescing in the plan laid for him. His mother was doomed to suffer poverty, and he sacrificed himself to save her. I trust, and believe, that my Adela would have done

as much for her parent in the same situation.

It is impossible for me to express my astonishment when I got my sister's letter, informing me, that the union of my son and Lady Theresa was fixed upon. I instantly went to communicate the intelligence to my brother; but, on my arrival, I found that he had been dead some days, and left his property to his daughter. This she has bequeathed to Hénrique, at the same time expressing a wish that you might share it with him.

I have thought this explanation necessary, previous to our meeting at Oakstock. I trust, that before I remove from thence, you will allow me the happiness of calling you my daughter, and that you will pardon all errors that proceeded



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ceeded from affection towards your Henrique, on the part of your affectionate,

**ROSA DE B\*\*\*.**

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**THE EARL OF LANDSFORD**

**TO**

**THE DUKE DE B\*\*\*.**

**WHAT** are you doing in London, when Adela de Montfort is at Oakstock? I see this sentiment expressed in her lovely countenance. Come hither then, and be as happy as you have been supremely wretched. You must not expect me to write you any long letter. I cannot collect my ideas sufficiently to say more than that, exactly at two o'clock

o'clock this day, the divine Countess de Montmorin promised to yield up her liberty to me on Thursday week. I would have every bachelor of my acquaintance married on this day: so I give you my summons.

LANDSFORD.

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ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUCHESS DE B\*\*\*.

HOW, or in what terms shall I thank my good, my kind friend and instructor for the condescension expressed in her last letter? Be assured, dear madam, that all expressions of filial affection shewn by the Duke to the best and the most

most deserving of parents, are considered by me as an additional reason for an increase of regard, if that were possible. I shall neither act the prude nor the coquette, so far as to leave you a moment in doubt. The Duke has repeatedly solicited my promise to be his since my return to town; but my promise to you I held sacred, and determined, that unless his request was seconded by your approbation, never to allow myself to act so as to blush in your presence. You have now, my dear madam, kindly removed every obstacle; and, I shall see you at Oakstock with infinite satisfaction.

You will be pleased to hear, that my brother is likely to become a part of the family of Aldborough, by an union with Lady Julia, the youngest sister of Lord Landsford. She is extremely beautiful. This is not her greatest charm,

charm, for with an amiable disposition she unites every mental accomplishment. I have given you a description of the other ladies formerly. Lady Susan is a character that you would greatly disapprove. Robert felt some slight attachment for this Lady, until her character had fully developed itself. Lady Julia will make him happy; and, I need not tell you, my dear madam, how deserving he is of being so. I am almost sorry to find that the Duke is in possession of a fortune, that will not make my little acquisition useful to him. I cannot but pity Lady Theresa; though I have severely suffered by her violence of disposition. To love Henrique, and to be treated with neglect, was a severe trial of fortitude. I can forgive the crime into which she precipitated herself in the madness of despair. The person most unpardonable was, forgive me, madam, when I name

Donna



Donna Isabella, who ought to have considered on the step her niece was going to take, and have dissuaded her from it, not being herself under the influence of any violent or strong passions like her Ladyship.

The Countess de Montmorin is to be united to Lord Landsford next Thursday. On which day Robert hopes to prevail on Lady Julia to give him her hand. The Duke has hinted a desire that I will not longer delay his wishes for our union. You shall fix the time when I am to have the happiness of embracing you as my mother: Be assured that day will be considered by your Adela as the happiest of her life.

We are all gaiety at this most enchanting place. Here will the many virtues of my friend Jacqueline be crowned with their desert. Here will  
she

she live, dispensing blessings on all around her. I contemplate the scene with infinite pleasure. I am called to attend Lady Sommerville. Adieu, my dear madam. We expect you in a few days.

Your affectionate

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

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LADY SUSAN JONES

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

IF you have one spark of regard for me, my dear Frances, fly hither directly. I am distracted—I cannot write you the subject of my distress: mortifi-

mortification, the most severe, has overtaken me. I execrate the folly of wisdom. And I bow in submission to your's and my sister's sentiments. Idiot that I was, to be made the dupe of my own folly!—I despise myself. Come to me, or I know not what act of madness I may be tempted to.

Your's,

SUSAN JONES.

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MISS FITZARRAN

TO

LADY SABINA SOMMERVILLE.

I AM most truly sorry to transmit the inclosed letter to your Ladyship; but, as some misfortune must have befallen

fallen Lady Susan, who has precipitately entered into an engagement of which I suppose she now repents. I prepare, by my mother's desire, to set off for Wales, in order to find out the cause of the strange incoherent letters that she has sent to me. You shall hear from me as soon as I arrive at my journey's end: In the mean time,

I am,

Your Ladyship's,

Humble servant,

FRANCES FITZARRAN.



266      ROBERT AND ADELA.

LADY JULIA SPENCER

TO

MISS EMMA FITZARRAN.

I AM sorry to be deprived of the pleasure of your company next Thursday ; for Landsford has insisted on that being the day to celebrate his own, and my nuptials. The Duke de B\*\*\* receives the hand of Adela at the same time. Indeed, my dear Emma, I am too happy in having these my first affections sanctioned by all my friends, when the commencement portended so many disasters.

The only alloy to our present happiness is the letter that Miss Fitzarran has written to Sabina, inclosing a very strange one from Susan. She calls herself Jones. It is hardly possible she  
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can be married without once consulting her friends, or advising with any one. She is violent in her resolutions I know; therefore, we do not know what to think. My brother has been this morning to visit a gentleman, who is well acquainted with that part of Wales in which my sister resides; and knows all the families of any note for many miles round. He says, that he remembers a Mr. Hugh Jones, who was once possessed of a very good estate; but, that the dissipation of his eldest son had, before he left that country, reduced to about four or five hundred pounds a year. Surely this can never be the Mr. Jones that Susan has chosen. She wrote to Landsford, and informed him, that she had an intention of altering her condition; but he did not then give any credit to the assertion. We wait most impatiently for a letter from Miss Fitzarran, to whom we all think our-

selves much indebted for her friendship in taking so long a journey, so soon after her return to town. Sabina longs to pay her respects to Lady Fitzarran, and to congratulate her on her marriage with the most deserving man in the circle of her acquaintance. We hope, that you intend to remain entirely in England, with now and then a trip to visit your friends on the other side of the water. We have lost one friend in Lady O'Neal, who does not return to London I find. Indeed, I was never much acquainted with Miss Miller; but I have a great respect for her general character as given me by Sabina, and rejoice in her present establishment.

The Count will not let me devote a moment more to you.—Adieu.

Your's,

JULIA SPENCER.

MISS FITZARRAN

TO

LADY SABINA SOMMERVILLE.

I COULD wish to be the means of conveying more pleasing intelligence to my friends than that which I am constrained to relate.

Lady Susan has really married herself to Mr. Jones, who, I begin to fear, has laid a plan to put himself in possession of her fortune. All her foresight has not been able to defend her from the villainy of mankind. She is sensible of her error now that it is too late.

Pique at the decided preference given to Lady Julia by the Count de



Montfort, hurried on the natural impetuosity of her disposition to shew that she was not deserted. This, aided by the designing Miss Jones and her brother, led her into the present snare. Her Ladyship's own account is this :

That finding herself neglected, as she thought, by her family for maintaining opinions they disapproved, she had determined to remain in Wales, when Miss Jones's insinuations pretending a similarity of sentiments, and her brother's obsequious behaviour, and pretended love, led her to imagine that she should find herself perfectly happy in uniting herself to Mr. Jones.

On the day of their marriage, her Ladyship removed to the Abbey, where she was rather surprized at the parsimonious appearance of the marriage feast. No one appeared at dinner but the  
bride,

bride, the bridegroom and his sister. Miss Jones very frequently contradicted her Ladyship during the conversation that passed on that day. And on the next morning Lady Susan, attended by Miss Jones, went to inspect the house, and to look over what part of the furniture would need to undergo alteration. When they joined Mr. Jones in the parlour, her Ladyship mentioned to him the alterations that she proposed to make. He told her most peremptorily that no one chair in the house should be touched: they had served his ancestors, and should descend to the next generation untouched by him. That all his furniture served to denote the antiquity of their descent. That the Aldborough family were not in existence when the Joneses were flourishing here in Wales. This struck Lady Susan as with thunder. She began to remonstrate; which ended in a

downright quarrel : insomuch, that Lady Susan told Mr. Jones, that he had deceived her ; and, that she would order her carriage, and set off for her brother's house directly. He said, that he could not help it, if she had deceived herself ; but that, as she was his wife, she must deport herself according to his pleasure ; that, whilst she did so, she would find him behave to her with propriety, but, that he could not think of taking a journey to London to humour the whims of any female. In short, he has behaved in a most brutal manner to her Ladyship, who, now, too late, sees the folly of principles that have led to misery instead of that independence she always insisted was the right of all females.

Mr. Jones has, to me, an unpleasing appearance, though rather a good figure : he gave me a most ungracious reception ;

reception ; of which I will not give your Ladyship the pain of a relation. Miss Jones, whose sentiments were the counterpart of Lady Susan's, has quite altered her opinions, and now asserts that the Ladies have no rights, but to submit to the authority of the other sex.

In short, Lady Susan has been made the dupe of her own system : whilst she has been labouring for the enlargement of the privileges of her sex, she has enslaved herself. She did not stipulate for any settlement, as people of such liberal notions as the Joneses made her believe they were, did not need the common forms used on the like occasions. Her Ladyship is a prey to deep melancholy. She determines not to live with this man, should he prove, as he has set out, a tyrant. I do not know how to advise, but shall remain

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here some little time in order to reconcile all parties if possible.

Your sister desires me to say, that she is really ashamed to write to you at present; but that, when she is better reconciled to herself, you shall hear from her. She wishes Lord Landsford, Lady Julia, and all the party at Oakstock, much happiness on their approaching nuptials. She begs, that you will not write to her for some few weeks: when your letters can be received with satisfaction she will apprise you of it.

I am greatly hurt at the fate of Lady Susan, who, with much sensibility and a good heart, has by a mistaken education been led to deviate too far from the common rules prescribed to her sex, and is now the victim of her own folly.

I beg leave, my dear Lady Sabina, to subscribe myself.

Your's,

FRANCES FITZARRAN.

LADY JULIA DE MONTFORT

TO

MISS EMMA FITZARRAN.

YOU see, my dear Emma, that I am now a wife: and I think myself one of the happiest that bears that name. I promised to let you hear the news of yesterday, a most important day to us all. But I am so hurried by the surrounding company that I cannot enter into any long descriptions.

About nine yesterday morning my brother and the Count came to the Lodge, and conducted my lovely sister, the Countess de Montmorin and myself, attended by Sabina and Colonel Sommerville to Oakstock. Never did I see so many people assembled as in the Park; no, not when my brother came of age. When we alighted we were received by the

Duchess de B\*\*\*, Adela, and the Duke; and, I must not forget, the good Mr. Hoare, whose face expressed his joy. After taking some coffee we repaired to the Chapel. First the Duke led his beloved Adela to the altar: next, the Count and myself; and, last, my brother and the Countess. This last marriage was announced by the firing of some pieces of cannon that have been in the Park for many years, and were last fired on the birth of my brother. The ceremony being over, we returned in the same order to the great drawing-room, and shewed ourselves at the window amidst the acclamations of the surrounding multitude. We then retired to a more quiet part of the house. We were all dressed with the most studied simplicity, plain white lawn gowns, and turbans of the same. The Duchess de B\*\*\* seemed truly happy in the felicity of her son and his lovely bride. Next week we all re-

turned by the 5th of August.

turn to London, when, I hope, to embrace my dear Emma.

The Count says, that you are a monopolizer of my time; and, as it is not proper to dispute his authority, I yield my pen to his request.

Your happy

JULIA DE MONTFORT.

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Here the series of Letters between all the parties in this correspondence, that came into the hand of the Editor, ends — But, being interested from motives of curiosity, and, indeed humanity, to know the subsequent fortune of that eccentric female Lady Susan Spencer, whose character was not stained by aught that could, properly speaking, be called Vice, and whose very extravagancies and errors proceeded from a sentiment that



that had in it something of independence and dignity, though carried into ridiculous, and indeed most calamitous consequence — Being interested in this Lady, whose candid confession of her errors is the greatest proof that she could have given of her magnanimity; I enquired in the quarter from whence I knew the letters were sent to me into her situation, and was informed, that Jones, for some time, intermixed his clownish and rude behaviour, after the manner of the Welch, with violent fits of love and professions of regard — These became less and less frequent. The whole of their life became one continued scene of discontent and contention; until at last Jones, whenever he was overcome, as he generally was by the superior sense and quickness of Lady Susan, had actually recourse to physical force: not that his brutality went to blows; but, he would  
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not suffer her to go any where from home, no, not so much as to take an airing, or even to take a walk in the garden, except very seldom; and sometimes even locked her up in her own apartment—He was called, after a campaign of wrangling for some months, to attend the county assizes—Lady Susan took the opportunity of making her escape to her sister, Lady Sabina Sommerville, with all her jewels, and about five thousand pounds in money. — Mr. Jones, on his return from the assizes, was distracted, and seemed to be, and perhaps in reality was, as disconsolate as if he had loved his wife with the utmost tenderness—Her birth, her title, her beauty, her accomplishments—All these now appeared in full view, with undiminished lustre, and overwhelmed him with anguish and remorse.—As soon as he learnt the place of her retreat, he wrote her penitential and supplicating letters, entreating

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ing permission to come and re-conduct her to his mansion: all which she treated with infinite contempt and disdain—She wrote him one only letter, which, she assured him, should be the last, and in which she told him, that if he should attempt to carry her off by force, and Colonel Sommerville's protection prove insufficient, either the life of Jones, or her own, should put an end to the dispute—Jones took to hard drinking, and, soon after this, lost his life in crossing a stream, swelled by a sudden land-torrent into a river, as he came home one night on horseback, from the house of a gentleman, where he had been to dinner after a hunting match.

As for Lady Susan Spencer, she was received with the most cordial affection by the Sommervilles, and all her other relations—She spent a great part of her time in reading books, in which she took  
great

great delight. She considered it as a most fortunate circumstance that she had no child of her own, and placed the whole of her affections on those of her sister, particularly Sabina, her little god-daughter, whose education she took pleasure in conducting—She taught her many accomplishments of various kinds; but was, above all things, solicitous to season her infant bosom with gentleness, of manners, compassion, for every living creature in distress, and every female grace and virtue; on all occasions inculcating the maxim, THAT AN AMIABLE FEMALE GAINS EVERY THING BY ASSUMING NOTHING; AND THAT THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN ARE BEST MAINTAINED BY THE SENTIMENTS OF NATURE.

F I N I S.



great delight. She considered it as a most fortunate circumstance that she had no child of her own, and placed the whole of her affections on those of her sister, particularly Stephen, her little god-daughter, whose education she took great care in conducting—She taught her many accomplishments of various kinds; but was above all things, religious to her son her infant beloved with gentleness, of unnumbered compassion, for every living creature in distress, and every female grace and virtue; on all occasions in-structing the young, that an AMABLE FEMALE GAINS EVERY THING BY ASSUMING NOTHING; AND THAT THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN ARE BEST MAINTAINED BY THE SENTIMENTS OF NATURE.

